The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 10, 1900.

The Week.

Both Bishop Potter and Gen. Otis favored us with important deliverances about the Philippines last week; and if the news contradicted them on the spot, that was not their fault. The Bishop was particularly strong on the temperate habits of our soldiers in Manila. He "did not see one" drunken American soldier during his long stay of six days in the Philippines. In view of the fondness of drunken men for the society of bishops, this is strong testimony. President Schurman, ex-Consul Edwards, and newspaper correspondents thought they saw drunken Americans, though they may have been mistaken. But the courts-martial can hardly have been which found Major Kirkman and Lieuts. Gregg and Bailey guilty of "drunkenness in the streets of Manila," and sentenced them to dismissal from the army. It was unlucky that the records in their cases should have been given out in Washington on the very day of Bishop Potter's tribute to the temperance of the army. If officers are drunk in public, what are we to expect of the men? Gen. Otis's opinions were even more disastrously confronted by the dispatches. As a constitutional pessimist—for so the author of volumes of rose-colored and discredited reports amusingly describes himself—he declared that "the thing is entirely over." He could not see where it was possible for "the guerillas to effect any reorganization." Yet in the same issue of the *Sun* which contained the special dispatch reporting his views, there were telegrams telling of "a renewal of fighting in the Philippines," the outbreaks being described as "severe," the rebels said to be "recruiting," fighting at one point "all day," and organizing "mounted bands of 100 men" to scour the country. Evidently the censor is badly needed to reinforce the orator.

The anomalous character of American rule in Porto Rico is illustrated by the fact that Mr. Allen, the new Governor-General, took on May 1 an oath to support and defend the Constitution of the United States, although it is contended by the Administration which sends him there that the Constitution does not apply to the island; and that he addressed the people as "fellow-citizens of Porto Rico," instead of the United States, which they had expected to become. Barring these disagreeable features of the ceremony, however, everything about the inauguration of the Governor was most encouraging. The message which he carried from the President was a welcome one—that "it is his intention to give to you, so far as all officers are concerned, whether selected from your own numbers or from the United States, men of character and standing, who are enthusiastic and diligent and industrious, —men of high sense of honor, who will not seek to advance their own fortunes at your expense, and who will not allow others to do so; men who will see that justice and straightforward honesty will be meted out to all, and who will have a sole regard for the welfare of Porto Rico and the honor of the American Government in its relations to it." Gov. Allen declared himself in full accord with the spirit of this message, and he offers in his own person a fine illustration of the principle. If the President and the Governor between them succeed in filling the other offices with men of the same type as Allen in the chief place, Garrison as Auditor, and Hollander as Treasurer, a promising start will have been made.

It is encouraging to learn, on the authority of the Postmaster-General, that the ruling principle which has guided all the postal work done by our Government in Cuba is "to make a Cuban service for the Cubans." In an article published by *Collier's Weekly*, summarizing the work done in the island by his department, Mr. Smith says that, while it was necessary to send American experts to organize and direct the system, and to train the natives for efficient participation, the purpose has steadily been to send as few people as possible from this country. There are now 750 persons employed in the postal service in Cuba, and only 104, or less than one-seventh, are Americans. Most of these are in the department headquarters and the Havana post-office, 251 of the other 272 offices being in charge of Cubans. In the twenty-one outside of Havana which now have Americans acting as postmasters, Mr. Smith says that native subordinates are being instructed, who will be given charge as soon as they become qualified. "In making every plan," the Postmaster-General adds, "it is borne in mind that the system is made for the Cubans, and not for the United States, and that at an early day they may be called to administer it altogether." This is the right principle, and its application should help in the solution of the Cuban problem.

The best that can possibly be said for the action of the House in passing the Nicaragua Canal bill on May 2 is, that it gave expression to the obvious desire of the people of this country that an Isthmian canal be constructed. But the vote was, nevertheless, ill-timed and ill-mannered, in flat defiance both of an existing treaty and of common sense, and is, therefore, a specimen of that reckless legislation which brings the United States into contempt, and tends seriously to impugn the good faith of our public men. The mere fact that the weightiest Republicans in the House—Messrs. Burton, Cannon, Hitt, Littlefield, McCall, Adams, and Dalzell—felt constrained to speak and vote against the bill, is a sufficient measure of its folly. Of course, it is freely said that the thing will go no further. The Senate is depended upon to block the indefensible measure. Most of those who voted for it did so on the distinct understanding that there was no possibility of its becoming law. But this adds only one touch more of recklessness to the whole proceeding. Why trifle with the national honor, if nothing was to result except the demonstration of willingness so to do? Why ignore propriety and elementary business principles, only for the sake of showing how rash and inconsiderate the House of Representatives could be? All the excuses offered but make the matter worse. Both parties are playing for position, as respects the canal plank which each expects to put in its national platform. There is no doubt that the President—that is to say, Senator Hanna—decided that it would be "good politics" to pass this bill through the House, thereafter to be strangled, and gave the necessary orders to the party cattle. The action is intended for campaign purposes alone. But how can we expect foreigners to understand this?

The arguments against the bill are simply unanswerable. They were presented in the House by Mr. Hitt, chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, Mr. Cannon, chairman of the Appropriations Committee, and Mr. Burton, chairman of the River and Harbors Committee. Law, decency, business sense were arrayed against the bill, and it was defended only by waving arms and loud shouts. Mr. Hitt showed to demonstration that the bill, even in its amended and trickily ambiguous form, is directly in violation of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty—a treaty still binding, just officially recognized as in force by our own Government. Mr. Cannon pointed out the way in which Mr. Hepburn was making it possible for Nicaragua and Costa Rica to charge any price they pleased for the desired strip of territory, and cited even Admiral Walker as to the indecency of acting before the report of the Canal Commission was made. Mr. Burton offered several amendments, designed to make the bill square with the treaty and with engineering and with official propriety, but they were all contemptuously rejected. The House was

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in for a Nicaragua Canal debauch, and have it the members would, knowing that the White House looked on approvingly.

It seems now that it was Russia, not Germany, who was going to buy the Danish West Indies from the Standard Oil Company. The reporter made the mistake of saying Germany, because he had not at first reflected that "the ways of Russian diplomacy are much darker and more silent than those of German diplomacy." But they will have to be mighty dark and silent to deceive the New York *Times* reporter. He will make these diplomats bolt from their subterranean burrows. For our part, we maintain that it was the Sultan who was about to buy the islands, and that his commission to the Standard Oil Company was to be his way of paying the missionary indemnity. But we admit that this dark and silent plan has been broken off by the fearless exposure of the *Times*. Meanwhile, it is reassuring to learn from Secretary Root that his war-cry at the Grant dinner was not directed at Germany, for this nefarious transaction of the islands, or for any other. In fact, Mr. Root explains, he had no particular nation in mind. He just let off his whoop on general principles—it was merely "academic," he says. This is a much more elegant description of his proceeding than that applied to it by the Brooklyn *Eagle*, which said that it came at "the alcoholic stage of a public dinner." We shall have to be on our guard hereafter when diners reach the academic stage.

The President's appointment of Mr. Dole as first American Governor of the Hawaiian Islands is eminently fit. There is an upstart and hot-headed faction among the Hawaiians which has taken offence at President Dole's conservative ways, and would have been glad to see him replaced by a man more after its own heart. It is said to have maintained a lobby at Washington to prevent the nomination of Mr. Dole. But President McKinley has wisely decided to respect the wishes of the more intelligent and stable elements of the population, and to continue at the head of affairs a man who, both as judge and as President, has shown himself steady and safe. The real difficulties of Hawaiian self-government lie further on; but, in the preliminary step of selecting a Governor, no mistake has been made.

Massachusetts continues to be very fortunate in having Governors who recognize the obligation of the Executive to thwart measures which are pushed through the Legislature by the party machine, or which make their way through both branches because the lawmakers are afraid of the "soldier vote," or of some other organized element in the electorate. Mr. Crane, who began his first term in January (every Massachusetts Governor is expected to hold office for three years), has shown his worthiness to rank with Wolcott and Greenhalge, to run no further back. The Legislature recently passed a bill to "get around the civil-service law," by allowing the appointment of all firemen in Boston to the regular force without passing an examination. The Governor wrote a message which in a few sentences exposed the injustice of such an assault on the merit system, and the Legislature promptly backed down; the Senate, in which the bill had originated, casting only 5 votes out of 25 in favor of overriding the veto.

It is pleasant to find President McKinley also making use of the veto power. He grew up in a State which has never given the Executive this right, and both nature and habit have inclined him always to accept this view that the Governor—or the President—does not properly share in the law-making power. But he has just vetoed a bill, and one of the sort that it was very easy to sign, too. A perfectly "proper" measure, originating in the House, to rectify the boundaries of the Navajo Indian reservation, so as to restore to a few white men the ranches which had been inadvertently included in it, was amended in the Senate so as to open, under the mining laws, a part of the reservation where gold is supposed to exist, and the House agreed. Mr. McKinley, however, has refused his approval to the outrage. He points out that it would inevitably be regarded by the Indians as a breach of good faith, and insists that "they should be dealt with in a manner calculated to give them confidence in the Government, and to assist them in passing through the inevitable transition from wards of the Government to a state of civilization and full citizenship." This is sound doctrine, and peculiarly timely when we are taking on so many more "wards of the Government," in different parts of the world.

Nebraska may pretty safely be put down in the Bryan column after the action of the Republican State convention on May 2. The success of the Populists in the past has been due to the badness of Republican rule rather than to any merit of their own, and this badness has grown out of the control of the party organization by corporation influences of the most obnoxious sort. Senator Thurston has always typified these influences, and a few weeks ago he made himself more offensive than ever by deserting his duties as a national legislator at Washington, and going to Nebraska to appear before the Supreme Court as counsel for the Standard Oil Company, when that corporation was charged with violating the anti-Trust law of the State. To cap the climax, he followed up this performance by demanding that he be sent to the national convention as a delegate from a State whose Republicans profess in their platforms to be "down on Trusts." There were indignant protests from the party press, under the lead of the Omaha *Bee*, the chief Republican organ, which declared last week that the party would "invite disaster" if it should at the same time "condemn the Trusts and endorse the Trusts by placing the attorney of the Standard Oil Trust at the head of its delegation to the national convention." But Thurston had too strong a hold to be dislodged, and the disaster was invited by a vote of 609 to 500.

There is no doubt that among the Bryanites themselves sentiment is now rapidly growing in favor of cutting loose from "16 to 1." The absurdity of a party's tying itself to an out-of-date theory, which the nation has evidently rejected, is coming to be seen, not only among the men who control the party machinery in the East, but in the States of the Middle West, and to some extent in the South. There are reports of a powerful movement to eliminate from the Kansas City platform the whole matter of free coinage at a fixed ratio, and to substitute a vague deliverance in favor of "bimetallism," such as used to be a great favorite with Republican conventions out West a few years ago. Bryan himself, however, is represented as clinging desperately to the old plank. In fact, he seems as bent in May, 1900, upon pushing "16 to 1" to the front as McKinley was upon making his campaign exclusively on the tariff issue in April, 1896.

Gov. Roosevelt's political education is proceeding apace. That is the true inference to be drawn from his consenting to make party spoils of the responsible and delicate duties of the transfer-tax appraisers, and allowing Platt to fill the new offices with a set of machine politicians. True, he insisted upon "naming" a friend of his own for one of the "places," but the rest he flung as unblushingly as Croker could to the party wolves. The time has passed, however, for reformers to get excited about these performances of the man who once led the whole choir of reform. Their true rôle now is to watch, with amused interest, the stages of his political evolution. Time was when Theodore Roosevelt, as Gen. Harrison said in Carnegie Hall, wanted to reform everything "right away," and thought everybody else terribly slow. But, under the skilful tutelage of Platt, he has learned those great principles of temporary surrender to the devil which he now takes every occasion to expound as the true method of attaining political salvation. No speech of his,

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no Cromwell article, is now complete without warnings against those ineffably silly reformers who do not see that real reform is necessarily nine-tenths corruption. Some carping critics have found in these reiterated assertions of the Governor that it is the highest duty of political man to make compromise with sin, an apologetic note, as if the new Roosevelt were conscious that he stood condemned by the old Roosevelt that Harrison knew. But apology is not in keeping with the frank simplicity of his character as we see it. Platt has shown him the more excellent way of using the patronage of office, and Gov. Roosevelt, while acting on the Senator's instructions, is merely paying public tributes to the teacher at whose feet he is now sitting.

Gov. Roosevelt did well in refusing to approve the bill relieving school trustees from the legal obligation to purchase furniture made in the State prisons. Had he signed it, the manufacture of such furniture in the prisons would have been stopped, a quantity of expensive machinery would have been made useless, many more prisoners would have been condemned to idleness, and in subsequent sessions of the Legislature other bills would have been passed which would have destroyed the whole system of employing convicts. But the message in which the Governor explains his action is extremely weak. He states that the decrease in the number of prisoners since 1895 is the consequence of the abolition of the contract-labor system, a proposition which is entirely unsupported by either experience or reason. He favors giving up the present use of machinery in the industries carried on in the prisons, regardless of the fact that in that event the cost of producing school furniture or any other staple articles of manufacture would be so great as to make it impossible to compete with outside manufactories. The public institutions of the State are required to use the articles produced in the prisons only when they are as cheap and as good as those offered in the outside market, and if the prisoners are not to have the aid of machinery, the cost of their products would render them unsalable. It is true, as Gov. Roosevelt says, that the people of this State do not expect to make a profit by running prison factories. If they ever had any such expectation, they must have long ago abandoned it in despair. But they have a right to ask that the heavy charge of maintaining convicts in idleness, or of relieving them from the duty of supporting themselves by productive labor, shall not be increased, as Gov. Roosevelt would have it.

In July, 1896, the Treasury estimated the "per capita" circulation at a trifle over $21. The monthly report just issued, as of May 1, 1900, places the figure at $26.58. This is not very near to the fifty dollars per head demanded at Omaha in 1892, but the gain is material. In fact, the actual addition to the currency, outside the Treasury's reserve, during the last four years, foots up $450,000,000. This gain will probably be admitted, in any quarter of trade, to have been "sufficient to meet the demands of business and population"; at all events, money rates have declined in the face of a $3,000,000 export gold engagement. This being true, it is somewhat interesting to observe that, of the $450,000,000 increase in circulation since July, 1896, $315,000,000 came in the shape of gold; and that, of the increase in gold, $200,000,000 is directly attributable to the excess of gold imports over exports in the period, the rest coming directly from new gold production in this country, which has reached, in the three past years, to nearly $20,000,000. Not only, in short, were our mines exceptionally active, but as soon as our internal and foreign trade, which was dull for numerous very obvious reasons prior to 1896, started up into vigorous activity, our circulating medium responded automatically to the call, as it always will if left unhampered. It is true to-day, as the Populist of 1892 imagined, that money in the pocket of the average citizen has increased—rather more rapidly, in fact, than the net increase would have been if the Silver-Purchase Law had never been revoked. But the reason why his pocket-money has increased is perfectly plain. In the bounty of nature, he has had more than before to offer in exchange for it.

A decision of great importance to the Church of England has been rendered by the Primate, the Archbishop of York concurring. The decision prohibits the "reservation of the Sacrament" in all its forms, and will force the High Church element to come to an equally important decision on its part. Hardly any practice was more violently opposed by the early Protestants than that of reserving the Sacrament by the clergy. It was believed to imply the existence of especial sanctity in the priesthood; a Catholic assumption which the robust spirit of the Reformation fiercely antagonized. The modern Anglican spirit, however, is very different, and the tendency to introduce the Catholic ritual has become very strong. Some of the manifestations of this tendency, such as the use of incense and portable lights, have been already pronounced illegal, and the position of the High Church clergy is becoming more and more untenable. It was believed that, while the reservation of the Sacrament for the purpose of adoration would be forbidden, the practice would be allowed for the sick and dying, but, as the decision is reported, it makes no exceptions. The great problem of disestablishment is thus steadily forced forward, and it may now at any time become the question of the day in English politics.

Gen. Roberts's advance progresses favorably, and if his transport does not break down, there is no reason why he should not be in front of, if not in, Pretoria in six weeks. With his superior force he should be able to turn the intermediate positions held by the Boers. They, in fact, show no signs of being able to make a resolute stand unless it be at Pretoria. As long as the military outlook is thus flattering for the British arms, the War Office will not suffer too severely for its muddling with the military dispatches. It was roughly but truthfully said in Parliament on Friday, by a Conservative member, that the Government might have been thought to have a case in the Spion Kop matter if it had not undertaken to state it in the Commons. Then it was seen that Lord Lansdowne had no case at all. The reduction of the normal Government majority by 45 on the vote taken is a significant index of the feeling, even among Conservatives, that the whole affair was wretchedly handled.

Quite a flutter was caused by the unexpected success of the Nationalists in the Paris municipal election. It seemed as if the boastful Jingo and anti-Dreyfus party—the Merciers and Déroulèdes—had more hold on the electorate than people dreamed. But the returns from similar elections in the interior show that the Nationalists have not gained the confidence of the conservative dwellers in the small towns, and indicate once more how poor an index to the political sentiment of France Paris has become. The present French Government is essentially one of peace and conciliation, and finds its support among the steady-going Republicans of the provinces. With a *bourgeois* President at the head of it, it makes its appeal to the *bourgeoisie* of the country, and, so far, has met with astonishing and gratifying response. When we recall the fact that the Waldeck-Rousseau ministry was formed confessedly as a stop-gap government, to pull the country through the Dreyfus agony, its continuance in power all these months is a surprise, and speaks much for the skill and tact with which it has managed to hit the sentiment of the country between wind and water. For the rest, the municipal election in Paris was a good deal of a comedy. Never were parties so split up, so divided for the purpose of being fantastically recombined. One candidate for civic honors announced himself as a "Republican-Nationalist-Socialist." Another summed up his political opinions as those of a "Liberal-Republican-Anti-Semite." Still another ran simply as a "Frenchman."

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THE GREAT REPUBLICAN IF.

The important Constitutional question raised by the conquest of Spanish possessions by the United States has been passed upon by the United States Circuit Court in Minnesota. A writ of habeas corpus was applied for by one Ortiz, a Porto Rican, who was arrested, tried by a military commission, and sentenced to imprisonment in February, 1899. The writ was refused by Judge Lochren, on the ground that the military commission had jurisdiction until the treaty of peace with Spain was finally ratified, which did not take place until April 11. But Judge Lochren found occasion to hold that by the cession of Porto Rico it became an integral part of the United States, and that the Constitution thereupon, *ex proprio vigore*, extended over the island and its people. The precedents, as we have pointed out, are overwhelmingly in favor of this doctrine; but the point does not seem to have been necessarily involved. Nevertheless it is satisfactory to have a judge whose standing is as good as that of Judge Lochren declare himself in favor of maintaining the principles of Constitutional government.

Put on as bold a front as they may, the Republican managers have all along had moments of sinking and qualms about their policy of Imperialism. Judge Lochren's decision reveals again the death's head at the Republican banquet. The party is committed to a plan which may be declared illegal by the Supreme Court. In other words, it must write its platform this year in the conditional mood. *If* the Court will permit us, we shall do so and so. But if it will not? That is the terrible contingency which will take the heart out of Republican campaign oratory and make the shouting hollow. No party can arouse enthusiasm over a great perhaps.

That the whole fabric of their Imperial policy may go down on the verdict of a majority of nine judges, the Republicans do not deny. How nervous and alarmed they are over the awkward possibility that it will, they show in many ways. One of them is the extraordinary pains they are taking to keep a case involving the issue out of the hands of the Supreme Court as long as possible. Litigants sure of their ground do not thus desperately strive to delay trial. Moreover, in their sneers at Judge Lochren, the party organs avow the low motives which they hope to see operative in the highest court of the land. He, they say, is "a Democratic judge"; his law is found only for the purpose of embarrassing the Administration. The inference is clear that when the case finally comes before the Supreme Court, partisan considerations are expected to twist the law so as to aid the Republicans. This new form of insult to an august tribunal the Imperialists may well be allowed to monopolize. If they could have their way, there would be fresh point to Selden's old gibe, "We know what judges will do." Into this base canvassing of the Supreme Court, not according to weight of legal learning or conviction or character, but according to political sympathies, we have no wish to go. The only point we insist upon here and now is that, on their own showing, the shadow of a *grand peut-être* rests upon all the great swelling words of the Republicans concerning our Imperial destiny.

Just why it is so, was left clear by admissions of Republican leaders in Congress in the course of the Porto Rico debates. That small island they cared nothing about; but beyond it, and legally in the same status, lie the Philippines. The thought of free trade with that archipelago appalls the stoutest Republican heart. "Why," said Senator Foraker, "if we are not allowed under the Constitution to levy duties upon Philippine products, and treat the natives like aliens, the annexation of the islands is a great calamity, and we must hasten to get rid of them as soon as possible." The loud amen was heard from Republicans in either House and from the party press. That is to say, if Imperialism threatens the protective system, overboard it will be flung, and the party will not first look to see if a hospitable whale is there to take care of its Jonah.

Pause a moment to note what a beautiful comment this makes upon all the brave words of the Republicans about national duty and honor. The defence of the Philippine adventure has passed through three stages. First, it was all humanity, with incidental glory. Then it was business and profit. Finally, as the country has seen that there was neither glory nor cash in the affair, the defence has come down to noble appeals to live up to the national obligations we have assumed. We may have been asses, as Bishop Potter admits we were, to go to the Philippines, but we should be poltroons if we came away. Our honor is involved. We should be disgraced in the eyes of the world if we were now to withdraw. What, haul down the flag? What, scuttle? You can hear the choking indignation. But, bless these bursting orators, one little decision of the Supreme Court would make them bawl for scuttling and hauling down as loudly as they now do for being true to our imperative duty to stay. If our heroic sacrifices of men and money to subdue the Filipinos are to result in our being compelled to admit their goods free of duty, they may go hang for all we care. Japan may take the islands, or Russia, or Germany, or even England; or they may stew in their own grease; America will have absolutely nothing to do with them if they take away one jot or one tittle from the sacred system of protection. That is flat. The Republican party is going to be very stern and high-minded in doing its duty by the poor islanders, even at great cost—but *if*—and there's uncommonly great virtue in this if—their products cannot be tariffed in our ports, why, Republicans are determined to take the cash and let the credit go.

In a word, the new idols of the Republican party have not supplanted its old idol, Protection. Imperialism is but a gilded toy compared with the dear old grinning monster before which the party has gashed and cut itself all these years. If the two cannot peacefully divide the Republican worship—if one has to be smashed—Imperialism will be the fetish to be cast out, so as to leave Protection without a rival near the throne. And if the Supreme Court gives the word, the Republican managers will take the lead in the very act—withdrawal from the Philippines—which they now denounce as one of shameful cowardice and dishonor.

HOW DEPENDENCIES ARE RULED.

The Congress of the United States has had occasion during the present session to constitute governments for Porto Rico, Hawaii, and Alaska. The case of Porto Rico, however, monopolized public attention. A few persons, perhaps, noticed that bills were passed concerning Hawaii and Alaska, but the mass of the people were completely indifferent as to the nature of these bills, and would not have cared if they had failed of passage. It has always been the case in England that a discussion of Indian government empties the House of Commons, and only experts pretend to keep in touch with colonial affairs. After the novelty has passed away, our Congressmen will probably turn over the management of our dependencies to the various bureaus that have come to direct their administration, and the wheels of government will drop into permanent ruts. Hardly any one in Congress now takes the slightest interest in the dealings of our Government with the Indian tribes, except when some scheme for their spoliation is brought forward which is too rank to be ignored. The abuses have become so strongly intrenched as to be secure. Public opinion simply cannot be aroused. The Indians have no representatives in Congress, and there is much money to be made by administering their affairs. When such conditions exist, corruption is unavoidable. There are a good many persons very deeply interested in jobs; there are very few persons so unselfish as to be determined to thwart them; and the people at large are incapable of forming an intelligent opinion one way or the other.

If we compare the treatment of the three Territories for which Congress has just legislated, we see how little part the interests of their inhabitants played in the final determination. The extraordi-

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nary vicissitudes of the Porto Rican bill reflected the influence of American interests, not of those of the inhabitants of that island. The vital consideration, from the point of view of both parties, was the event of the coming political campaign in this country. A few statesmen were profoundly interested in the constitutional question involved, but they regarded chiefly the ultimate effect of a colonial policy on the nature of our own government. The leaders of the Administration were absorbed in calculating how far it would be safe to go in lowering duties, without alienating protectionist voters. The leaders of the opposition were chiefly concerned to have the bill so constructed as to make as much trouble as possible for their adversaries. In this case, fortunately, the open display of the sordid motives of the protectionists shocked the humane sentiments of our people, and brought about a compromise which was reasonably favorable to Porto Rico. But even this compromise left the control of the government of the island in the hands of American officials, whose salaries are to be paid by the Porto Ricans. The President of the United States fills all the important offices, and practically controls the disposition of franchises.

In the case of Hawaii, the influence of American political theories was, for a number of reasons, more potent than that of party considerations. The public took no interest in the matter, and there was no public opinion to be deferred to, nor were many votes to be lost or won. No question of tariffs was involved, and it was perfectly clear that Hawaii was already governed in an orderly manner. The bill originally introduced by the Hawaiian committee, whose members were familiar with the situation, was substantially in accordance with the desires of the American element. It provided for the continuance of the existing government, by means of a restricted suffrage, and by the practical limitation of appointments to office to resident Americans. But the measure was torn all to pieces by Congress. The prohibitionist sentiment was gratified by a provision that saloons for the sale of intoxicating drinks should not be allowed, and it was only in the last stages of the contest that this matter was committed to the proper body, the Legislature of Hawaii. The property qualification for voters was abolished, and the poll-tax requirement met the same fate, the democratic prejudices of this country overriding all considerations of Hawaiian expediency.

Of course, the practice of importing laborers held to service for a term of years had to go, a reform for which the Hawaiian planters were prepared, having supplied themselves with laborers in advance. But Congress was not content with this, and not only prohibited the importation of contract laborers, but also nullified all existing contracts made with them. Chinese immigration was prohibited, and the Chinese already in Hawaii were forbidden to enter this country. The control of franchises was transferred to Congress, and corporations were forbidden to acquire and hold more than a thousand acres of land, vested rights being preserved. A vigorous, and for a time successful, attempt was made to have the Territorial offices turned over to our politicians, but finally Hawaii, more fortunate than Porto Rico, was allowed to have its rulers appointed by the President from among its own citizens, and to have them paid by the United States. The worst evils of carpet-bag government will thus be avoided.

It seems impossible to predict what the future of Hawaii will be under this form of government, for the reason which we have assigned, that it is the embodiment of American political theories. The suffrage is restricted to citizens who can read, write, and speak English or Hawaiian, which seems to leave the control of the government in the hands of the natives. But the Portuguese and Japanese are very numerous, and, if they choose to qualify, they are numerically able to take control. The American element will be apparently in the situation of the white people of the South after the civil war; but it is improbable that Congress will tolerate the expedients by which the Southern whites have established their supremacy. Commercially, the future of Hawaii depends on the sugar industry, and no one can tell whether that industry can be carried on without contract labor. The history of Jamaica is full of warning. It may be repeated in Hawaii; but the ruling element there has only itself to thank if the administration of the government by Congress be less satisfactory than it was when it had it wholly in its own hands.

The condition of Alaska has long been a scandal, and the bill finally passed by Congress at least provides for the administration of justice in that Territory. It contains a civil code of procedure, and provides a judiciary, with a corps of attorneys and marshals. But this bill was not allowed to pass without placating the prohibitionists, although hardly any one supposes that the liquor traffic can be annihilated by being made illegal. The measure contains no provision for a Territorial Legislature, and creates a very crude system of taxation by means of licenses. Its fate long depended on the result of a conflict between mining interests, certain enterprising Lapps having anticipated the American miners in the Cape Nome region, and the latter being resolved to oust them. It is hard to tell from the provisions of the bill how the question will be determined, and the whole measure is evidently tentative in character. It shows, and the debate on its passage shows still more clearly, how impossible it is for such a body as Congress to govern remote regions with much regard to local conditions.

THE STRIKE EPIDEMIC.

The month of May has often been distinguished by unrest in the industrial world. The severe conditions of winter are over, and, with the onward rush of spring, there is a universal impulse to increase activity and to enlarge life. It is the period of hope and bright anticipations, and all laborers feel that if they are to better their condition, this is the season to accomplish it. Not long since, a universal strike on the 1st of May was urged by the international union of laborers; and while the plan was too extensive to be successful, the date chosen was the natural one. The demand for farm labor is then urgent, and the great industry of building is normally at its highest pitch of activity. The general demand for workmen is thus intensified by the absorption of the unemployed, and the conditions of the labor market, as a rule, are at such a period more favorable than at any other season to an advance in wages.

For other reasons the disposition of laborers to strike is at present peculiarly strong, and the extent to which strikes are taking place has become very great. These strikes are no doubt regarded with much alarm in many quarters. The Republican politicians are especially concerned. Their mainstay in the coming campaign was to be the prosperity of the country. Every one was supposed to be "feeling good"; to have a deep, underlying sense of comfort, which would cause him to reject counsels of discontent. Workmen in general, they argued, were making good wages and working full time, and they would of course feel that their prosperity was due to the beneficent administration at Washington. But the widespread disturbance in the world of labor upsets these calculations, and demolishes the theory on which they rest. Perhaps the workmen ought to be contented; but the fact that they are so generally striking work proves conclusively that they are not.

No doubt there has been a general, possibly a universal, advance in money wages within the last two years. But American workmen are a rather intelligent class. They showed in 1896, when the Democrats promised them higher wages in silver, that they understood how unsubstantial such an advance might be. They reasoned that the price of everything for which they paid out wages would be higher, and they concluded that such prosperity would be illusory. Many of them reason in the same way now. They consider that the advance in the price of the necessaries of life has been greater than the advance in wages, and that they are really not so well off as before. They cannot live so well as they could when times were no-

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minally less prosperous, because everything costs so much more. It cannot be denied that the retail prices of many staples of consumption have risen more than wages. Workmen no longer live by bread alone, and while many articles of food are relatively cheap, many other articles universally consumed by the working classes are relatively dear.

We incline to the opinion that working people do not sufficiently consider the increase in the volume of employment. The activity prevailing in nearly every department of industry proves conclusively that a great many more workmen are now fully employed than were employed two or three years ago. Good workmen are employed more steadily, and poor workmen find at least something to do. In the aggregate the difference is very great. The fund actually devoted to the payment of wages in this country is much greater than ever before. Granting that the purchasing power of the day's wages of the individual workman has somewhat decreased, the number of days' work has increased so much as to leave the balance in favor of the laboring class. And this is the rule in times of prosperity. Such times, in the common estimation of mankind, are always times of rising prices, and it seldom happens, and for a number of reasons it seldom can happen, that the rise in wages comes so quickly or goes so far as the rise in general prices, nor, it may be added, does the decline in wages follow a different rule. The quantity of employment measures the participation of labor in general prosperity better than the rate of money wages.

It is doubtful if such considerations appeal with much force to ordinary laboring men, for it is easy to see that the cause of their present discontent is not actual suffering. They complain not so much of positive as of relative lack of prosperity. The terrible strikes of 1877 were due, to a great extent at least, to the poverty and distress of many laborers. They could not live with any degree of comfort on the meagre and irregular wages which they were getting, and they struck in desperation. No such conditions prevail now. The working classes, as a whole, are comfortable. But they are undeniably, and we should hesitate to say either unreasonably or unjustly, affected by the boasts of prosperity with which our newspapers teem. They read of the wonderful increase of our commerce, of the vast advance in railroad earnings, of the colossal profits of the iron companies, and the fabulous gains of the Standard Oil magnates, and they are angry. No doubt envy has much to do with their attitude. The humbler class of capitalists, men not worth more than a million dollars, perhaps, may be seen to shake their heads at the existence of the great modern fortunes. No man, they will say, ought to be so rich, no man is so able as to deserve such inordinate rewards; and what moderately rich people think when they look at the multi-millionaires, poor people think when they look above their own ranks. They see that men of dishonest character and bad morals, men even of questionable business sagacity, are realizing enormous profits, while the most industrious and virtuous laborer obtains at best but a slight increase in his income. Accordingly they strike for higher wages and shorter hours of work whenever they see an opportunity, and it is idle to suppose that any fancied "gratitude" for producing prosperity so unequally and, as they believe, so inequitably distributed as at present, will restrain them. Let the people who have made great fortunes be grateful to the powers that be; the profits must be more liberally shared with the laborers if they are to be won over.

MILITARY LESSONS OF THE WAR.

The eagerness with which military critics and military attachés have followed the operations of the South African war is due, in part, to ignorance. What we mean is that modern warfare is in the experimental stage. For thirty years the nations have been revolutionizing their armaments, yet in all that time there has not been a great war, with the exception of the Russo-Turkish early in the period, to show exactly how the new weapons and the new tactics would work in practice. On paper, the military experts have been very cocksure; deep down in their boots they have had troubled suspicions that the thing might not come off according to their neat demonstrations. They have longed for a *corpus vile* on which to experiment. The Greco-Turkish war held out hopes of an instructive vivisection, only to disappoint them. Our war with Spain, so far as land operations were concerned, taught little except not to do the things which we did. But in South Africa war on a grand scale has at last yielded the desired lesson in anatomy; and the military men have gathered about the demonstrator as in Rembrandt's picture.

The first inference was a sickening doubt concerning the value of infantry. It seemed as if the Boers were going to force a reorganization of all armies, by their demonstration of what mounted infantry could do. It was not only the British War Office which was surprised and thrown into something like consternation. Military critics in France and Germany began to feel as if the foundations were being destroyed under their feet, and as if they would have to put all their soldiers on horseback. Such mobility, in attack or flight, such power of swift concentration, such command of victorious retreat—what could foot-soldiers hope to do against an agile enemy like that? The British Generals at once laid the lesson to heart, and essayed to meet the Boer tactics by imitating them, putting their infantry in the saddle as fast as possible. Would not all armies have to do the same to an extent never dreamed of before?

Well, the first impressions have been modified as the experiment has gone on. It has come to be seen that the Boer strategy has been so highly successful because so exactly fitted to country and people. The nature of the territory operated in and the lifelong habits of the burghers defending it have made their case so exceptional that lessons of universal application cannot safely be drawn from it. Even as it is, the Boers have shown the defects of their qualities. They have not displayed the power of disciplined infantry. They have been distinctly weak on the offensive. If their mounted infantry had been trained cavalry, they could have punished Buller and Methuen terribly. But when horses are ridden only up to the edge of the battlefield and there left, you get neither the morale of infantry nor the crashing stroke of cavalry. On their side, the British have found the same disadvantages in the use of mounted infantry. It has not been successfully employed in important attacks. The reason is that inbred custom cannot be changed in two months or six. If men have learned to attack as infantry, they cannot suddenly attack as cavalry. For scouting and skirmishing, for rapid concentration, as of Methuen's mounted infantry at Modder River, foot-soldiers temporarily on horseback have, no doubt, a greater part to play in future wars than has been assigned them in the past. But, on the whole, the relative importance and proportions of the two arms of the service will remain in military theory very much as they have been.

The enormous power of defence which goes with magazine rifles in the hands of well-intrenched men has certainly been put beyond question by repeated demonstrations on the Tugela and Modder Rivers. What was clearly foreshadowed at Plevna has now been completely established. The great extension of the zone of fire and the rapidity of discharge make charges on fortified positions truly historic—things of the past. But here, too, some rather rash conclusions have been drawn. It has been argued that the defence is now so much stronger than the attack that the superior numbers of an assailant can be disregarded. England, it has been said, could easily, with her small army, repel the most formidable invasion—from Germany, for example. H. W. Wilson has triumphantly argued that the German army could never force the French line of defence. This, however, is not so certain. If a small intrenched force can hold off a large attacking army, it will likewise be true that the attack can also hold the enemy with a thin line, similarly intrench-

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ed, while detaching superior numbers to turn a flank or cut communications or threaten elsewhere. In the long run, as Lord Roberts has shown, a superior force must recover its advantage even when attacking against long-range guns served with smokeless powder.

Among the minor military lessons of the war is the extreme difficulty of reconnaissance in case of defended positions, and the uncertainty in estimating the effect of preparatory fire. It is not merely Boer "slimness" which brings this about, but the increased range of weapons and greater skill in intrenching. An enlarged use of the war balloon in reconnaissance would seem to be indicated. High explosives have proved disappointing. Lyddite knocked holes in the Mahdi's tomb at Omdurman, but does not seem to have distressed the Boers more than ordinary shell or shrapnel. The comparative immunity with which determined men can cling to skilfully constructed trenches under a terrific artillery and rifle fire has been one of the distinct surprises of the war.

As regards the rôle of officers, high and low, South Africa has shown how modern warfare compels a combination of individual initiative with harmonious coöperation in a general plan, as never before. Wellington commanded at Waterloo about the same number of men as Buller on the Tugela. But Wellington's front was only two miles long, Buller's twenty-five. The Duke was practically in touch with every part of his line. Sir Redvers, as we see from the Spion Kop dispatches, had no sure means of knowing what was going on. The field telegraph is intended to take the place of the old galloping aides, but, in the rapid changes of a battle, cannot be made instantly serviceable. The result can only be to compel commanders to take subordinate officers fully into their confidence as to the general movement, and then leave them a large discretion in working out the details. The same principle must be applied to the rank and file. It must be made less of a machine, and more like a collection of thinking units. It has even been argued that a Colonel would do best who should give his regiment no precise orders, but simply say, "Boys, I want you to take that kopje, and will just leave it to you to get to the top the best way you can." This would tend to make war of the nature of a "popular uprising," as Capt. Lee called the spontaneous movement of the American army to take San Juan hill. But even the exaggeration suggests the truth—that individual initiative and resource, both in officers and men, count for much in the arduous conditions of the new warfare.

OPENING OF THE EXHIBITION SEASON IN LONDON.

LONDON, April 26, 1900.

The disastrous effect of the war upon artists has been a fruitful theme for the winter's gossip. But now that the spring has come and exhibitions are opening, it is hard to see what difference it has made. With the two most serious losses of the moment, the war has had absolutely nothing to do. It is because the international exhibition of the year is in Paris that there will be none in London. This is to be regretted, for already, in the two years of its existence, the International Society, with Mr. Whistler as President, has done more to expose the old, deep-rooted Academical superstition than any movement yet started among artists in England. It has closed its doors, presumably, only for the moment, but it is a pity there should be an interruption, however short, to the good work it is accomplishing. The death of Mr. R. A. M. Stevenson is the second loss to which I refer. It is a positive calamity to criticism in this country, and, therefore, to art as well. There is no critic who could so ill be spared.

He was one of a very small group of writers upon art—and their number is rapidly diminishing—to whom training and experience gave the right to speak. Nothing could be more perfunctory and amiably inane than the average criticism that appears in the London daily and weekly press. It is the work, as a rule, of men who really know nothing about art, and care less. But Mr. Stevenson did know. He had begun life as an artist. He had studied in the schools of Antwerp and Paris; he had lived in Barbizon, and it was the fact of his living there that attracted his more famous cousin, Robert Louis Stevenson, and so led to the latter's delightful essay on Fontainebleau, which breathes more of the true inspiration of Millet's village, the true spirit of Rousseau's forest, than almost any description of that much written-about haunt of the painter. And Stevenson (R.A.M.S.) cared—he cared enormously; he cared for nothing else, you might say. There was no man with such a vivid, wonderful imagination, such a love of theorizing; those who knew both cousins do not hesitate to attribute to his influence and to the stimulus of his extraordinary mind much of the work accomplished by Louis Stevenson. He was no less wonderful as a talker; as everybody by this time has heard, he was the "Spring-heeled Jack" of the memorable Essay. Both of these gifts he brought to his study of pictures when he turned critic; his imagination, his delight in analyzing and speculating about everything, enabled him to look with freshness and inexhaustible zest at performances from which the less fortunately equipped critic turned away, jaded and in despair. Nothing could have been more illuminating, more helpful, than to walk round a gallery with him. He was always making you see things from a new point of view, always interesting you, despite yourself, where you had fancied interest to be an impossibility.

I do not think he was ever quite so illuminating and wonderful in print. He first wrote for the *Saturday Review*, when writing was irksome to him. He gave up his post on that paper to become Roscoe Professor at University College, Liverpool. Then, when he returned to London, and took up the old work, but now for the *Pall Mall Gazette* and the Manchester *Guardian*, writing, I think, had become reduced too much to a question of bread and butter. He was not a man to be restricted by the ordinary conditions of life. It often seemed to me that he should have been pensioned by the state, simply that he might spend his life going about talking like another Socrates, for the charm of his talk was too great and too rare to be sacrificed. However, a little something of it was felt in his writing. He managed, at a time when few people in England sought in painting anything but "literary" qualities, to write entertainingly about it entirely from the artist's standpoint. His articles were a revelation. It is curious that they should have been, as a rule, so kind. His own artistic creed was so entirely different from that of many of the artists whom he criticised; there was so much that must fairly have set his teeth on edge, that it would not have been surprising had he occasionally lost his temper in the headlong fashion of Ruskin. But he had no inclination for controversy—that is, in print, though, once embarked upon it, no man could be more ingenious and persuasive. He was no crusader, no knight-errant of art, though when he did take up arms, no man could hit so well and so hard. I remember especially his notice of the Royal Academy a couple of years ago, in which, his patience exhausted, he said in a few plain, incisive words the things that other critics had been trying to say for years. I am afraid his newspaper articles will never be collected, and, after all, it is just as well they should not; they were of too ephemeral a nature. But he published three fairly short essays in book form, that remain as a faint reminder of the genius and brilliancy of a remarkable man. One has for subject the 'Art of Velasquez,' another is on Rubens, and the third is on the 'Devils of Notre Dame.' No one has written upon Velasquez with such admirable insight, such perfect sympathy, such delightful lucidity. This, to my mind, is Stevenson's masterpiece, and should be in the hands of every student who visits the Prado.

It would not be easy, in any case, to speak of the London galleries this year without at least a word of regret for the man who made one's task in them so much lighter. But it must be confessed, that, so far, they have not offered one anything engrossing enough to overshadow his loss. The New Gallery, as usual, opens the season, and the New Gallery, wavering between its old traditions and the newer fashions, has fallen between the two. The memory of Burne-Jones lingers, and certain of his followers, kept within restraint during his lifetime, have now broken out on a scale that is appalling. Huge canvases, covered with affected forms and strident discords, are but an indifferent homage to a painter who, whatever his faults, had a very genuine feeling for decoration and color. On the other hand, there has been an effort to attract some of the younger men, fresh, apparently, from the Paris studios. But I do not see the gain if the New Gallery is turned into a sort of sham Salon. Some of the older contributors continue to send—Mr. Watts, for instance; and his work, though it has lost in fire and vigor, must still command respect. But, otherwise, I scarcely found anything of real note, anything of more than local interest, except the portraits by Mr. Sargent, and the landscapes by Mr. Stott, and, perhaps, one or two others.

Mr. Sargent's work is always a challenge. It interests, even when it does not satisfy or please, and I am afraid this spring he

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has reserved his most striking canvases for the Academy. The "Hon. Victoria Stanley" is the portrait of a child; and children, though he has at times painted them very charmingly, evidently do not amuse him as keenly as those sitters in whom years and experience have developed strongly marked character. But there can be no question of the vivacity of treatment in this little girl, in white frock, with cap and jacket and stockings, who holds a hunting crop in her little hands, and stands so well on a floor seen in even more abrupt perspective than usual. Time, I think, will help the picture. As it is now, the child, in her dazzling white and scarlet, seems to me to jump out too abruptly from the shadowy background; and you feel this the more because Mr. Sargent has seldom suggested with so much truth the air and space in the room beyond his figures. This is a room into which you could walk; it has depth. But the animation expressed in the jaunty little huntswoman leaves nothing to be desired. She is alive, every inch of her. And the tender young face is beautifully rendered. It is curious to contrast it, in its fresh flawlessness, with the hard, battered, strong face of Major-General Ian Hamilton, of whom again, this year, Mr. Sargent has painted a portrait; a fine study of a soldier, spare, muscular, keen, and alert. It is little more than a study, but it is very powerful, and, technically, most amazing. Indeed, when you look at the brush marks in the face, when you see the cleverness with which a touch gives the modelling or catches the light—how supremely simple a matter it is when Mr. Sargent's hand is at the other end of the brush—you realize why his influence is proving so disastrous. As too many portraits in the same gallery prove, the attentive student fancies he has caught the trick; he sets to work, and produces, as a result, a tangle or puzzle of brush marks that mean nothing but his own inability to see things or say them for himself. It is a relief to turn to two simple, straightforward portraits by Sir George Reid that do not pretend to be anything more than the sound, solidly painted studies of character they really are.

Mr. Edward Stott is an artist with whom every year means an advance. He has steered clear of the mannerisms in which the study of Monet has landed many of the most promising of the younger landscape painters. He has avoided the decorative convention which has been the pitfall of the Glasgow men. I do not know whether he paints directly from nature, or whether nature confuses him, as it did Delacroix, so that he is forced to work from memory. But I do know that he sees everything through the medium of a poetic temperament, and so unerring is his sense of selection that what he gives on his canvas is far more right than Nature herself. And this he accomplishes by the simplest means. He is never grandiose, never "romantic," in the old-fashioned sense. He does not seek deliberate picturesqueness. But he is thrilled by the loveliness of sunlight at noon falling on the pure and tender flesh of the boys bathing, or by the radiance of sunset transfiguring the tired laborer at the end of the day's work; these have been his motives in the past, as they are, with a slight variation, of the three pictures now at the New Gallery. A girl in a scarlet apron stands in a tranquil orchard, and her rustic homeliness is glorified in the play of light and shadow. Vague, weary figures finish their task in the gathering darkness, while the cottages beyond rise, white and ghostly, against the luminous apple-green of the evening sky. Cattle lie at rest in placid pastures, and, far away on the horizon, in sullen splendor, burn the last fires of the setting sun. What could be more simple as subjects? And yet, by his careful study of light, of atmosphere; by his successful endeavor to give the general aspect of the scene as he saw it—as a whole, that is, and not disturbed by a hundred irrelevant little details—by his fidelity to the rhythmical facts of nature, he has made of each a poem as haunting as some of those simpler little lyrics of Verlaine. Mr. Stott has never been better than this year, and it makes one hope for still greater things from him in the future.

There are other good landscapes—a stately, sombre "Evening" by Mr. Peppercorn; strong studies of sunlight by both Mr. Mark Fisher and Mr. Bernard Priestman; a sad sketch of the Dorsetshire Downs by Mr. Arthur Tomson. These are the few pictures that reconcile one to an exhibition that seems to grow drearier and more dull with every year. N. N.

NAPOLEON'S EAGLET.

PARIS, April 17, 1900.

There is hardly a more popular name at present than that of M. Rostand, author of "Cyrano de Bergerac." This singular drama, founded upon the adventures of one of our most unknown and eccentric writers of the seventeenth century, excited in the general public a sort of enthusiasm. It is very animated, in some parts very clever, in other parts very absurd; but this absurdity became an element of success. The extraordinary talents of Coquelin, who played the part of *Cyrano*, counted for a great deal in the success of the drama—in fact, one can hardly imagine it without him; and I should be very much surprised if the popularity of the drama outlived the actor. M. Rostand became notorious at first by a pretty and imaginative comedy, "Les Romanesques," admirably played at the Théâtre-Français. There was in it much grace and youth, and a sort of unreality which had some charm. I confess my great preference for the "Romanesques" over the noisy and coarse "Cyrano"; but there is no discussing with success and with the taste of the public.

The latest drama of M. Rostand's, the "Aiglon," has, I am sorry to say, cost him such effort that he is now almost dangerously ill. His health, which is never very good, has been endangered by the fatigue of the rapid production of the play, which Sarah Bernhardt wished to have ready for the Exposition, and by the fatigue of the rehearsals. The subject, in some respects, was tempting; the son of the great Emperor Napoleon dying, in the prime of youth, in Vienna, under the eyes of Metternich; the contrast between the future promised to the "King of Rome" and the dulness of the palace of Schoenbrunn. It is easy to imagine that a poetical mind could find elements of deep interest in such a destiny. Unfortunately, the element of action is wanting in a life so soon cut short; there is nothing in it which everybody does not know beforehand; every spectator of the "Aiglon" knows how the drama will end. M. Rostand was obliged to introduce some dramatic complications and incidents in his play, but we feel at once that they are very artificial. The historical documents which he was bound to consult are very scarce. The Count de Montbel, one of the last ministers of Charles X., took refuge in Vienna after the revolution of 1830. He had occasion to see the Duke of Reichstadt and the Chevalier Prokesch von Osten, who was the confidant of the Prince, and who may be considered the tool of Metternich. The information which M. de Montbel was able to give on the subject of the young Prince may be regarded as an echo of Prokesch, and consequently of Metternich.

Prokesch was born at Grätz in 1795, entered the army, and made the campaigns of 1813, 1814, 1815. In 1818 he published his first work, 'The Battles of Ligny, Quatre-bras, Waterloo.' This military memoir, in which Napoleon was judged with some impartiality, made a great noise. He afterwards became professor of mathematics at the School of Cadets in Olmütz, and aide-de-camp of Prince Schwarzenberg; he pursued geodetic studies in the Carpathian Mountains, travelled in Greece, Egypt, Asia Minor. In 1830 he returned to Grätz, and met the Duke of Reichstadt again, at the table of the Emperor Francis I., who was passing through that town. He was placed next to him, and he tells us in his memoir, 'Mein Verhältniss zum Herzog von Reichstadt,' that "this handsome and noble young man, with his deep-blue eyes, his large forehead, his blonde and abundant hair, with silence on his lips, calm and master of himself in his every attitude," produced on him "a very extraordinary effect." He exchanged barely a few words with him during dinner; but, after dinner, the Duke said to him, "You have long been known to me," and warmly shook hands with him. The next day Count Dietrichstein, the Governor of the Duke of Reichstadt, proposed to Prokesch to take him to his pupil. Hardly had Prokesch entered when the Prince ran to him "with all the impatience of youth, his eye gleaming with confidence. 'You are known to me, and I have loved you for a long time. You defended the memory of my father at a time when all were calumniating him. I have read your memoir on the battle of Waterloo, and, in order to master it better, I have translated it twice, once into French, once into Italian.' " From that day a great friendship sprang up between the Duke and Prokesch, who was then an officer thirty-five years old.

Prokesch abandoned the military career for the diplomatic. He rendered great services to his country, became Ambassador (he died as late as 1876, at the age of eighty-one years). His advancement depended entirely on the good will of Metternich. We must not forget this, and we must also remark that Prokesch's memoir on the Duke of Reichstadt appeared only after the death of the Prince, when the unfortunate young man could no longer be a danger in politics, and be used as a tool in France by the Bonapartist party. The memoir appeared with the approbation of Prince Metternich (Prokesch, towards the end of his life, completed it in the edition which appeared in Stuttgart in 1876). With all these reserves, it cannot be denied that Prokesch's memoir is the only historical document on the son of Napoleon which we possess and which has real value. M. de Montbel's book is only a second-hand do-

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cument, entirely inspired by Metternich. At the moment when it appeared, Metternich wrote to Baron von Neumann: "You will find my influence in every part of the book whose object is not to render homage to the eldest branch of the Bourbons. This part was naturally reserved for M. de Montbel, and was in good hands. What relates to the major political points of view, and especially all that concerns Bonapartism, was written under my direction."

Marshal Marmont speaks in his memoirs of the Duke of Reichstadt, but these memoirs are not very reliable; Marmont betrayed the Emperor, and was severely judged in the 'Memorial of St. Helena.' He tries in his memoirs to rehabilitate himself; he spoke, he says, to the son of the glory of his father; the son was evidently much affected by his conversations with one of the Emperor's lieutenants; he even gave him his own portrait by Daffinger, with these verses written in his own hand, taken from the "Phèdre" of Racine:

"Arrivé près de moi, par un zèle sincère,
Tu me contais alors l'histoire de mon père.
Tu sais combien mon âme, attentive à ta voix,
S'échauffait au récit de ses nobles exploits."

We must remember that in 1831, at the time when Marmont saw the young Prince, Metternich had no longer any reason for concealing from him the history of his father. A medical consultation had since July 15, 1820, assured him that the young Prince could not live long, and was to die of tuberculosis.

M. Frédéric Masson, so well versed in all that concerns the Napoleonides, concludes from all he knows that, till the Revolution of 1830, or as long as the Bourbons of the elder branch were on the throne, Metternich contrived to keep the Duke of Reichstadt in almost complete ignorance of the history of France from 1796 to 1815. He gave him a purely Austrian education. Napoleon at St. Helena said to Las Cases: "What education will they give him? With what principles will they fill his young mind? If perchance he had a weak head—if he was like the *Légitimes!* If they inspired him with a horror of his father! And what could now be the antidote against such poison? There could no longer be any sure intermediary, any faithful tradition between him and me. Perhaps my memoirs one day and your journal. And still, to overcome the teachings of infancy, the vices of one's surroundings, a certain capacity is required, a certain brain force, a trenchant, decisive judgment; and is this so common?"

Napoleon was not deceived; the education of the Duke of Reichstadt had for its object not only to make him ignorant as far as possible that he was the son of the Emperor, but that he was a Frenchman. The *Légitimes* wished to make him a perfect Austrian. He received a perfect education, in one sense: he was crammed with geography, grammar, philology, dogmatic theology, philosophy, law of nations, civil law, statistics. He was allowed to study history, but he had to learn modern history in such books as the 'Military Life of Field-Marshal Prince Schwarzenberg.' He was brought up under the jealous eye of Metternich, and lived with his grandfather Francis, a kindly man, but one of the feeblest intellects of his empire. His mother, Marie-Louise, had inherited the intellectual nullity of Francis, her father. Heredity had left him nothing of Napoleon, and given him all the characters of the maternal side. He was tall, Napoleon was short; Napoleon had dark hair, he had an abundance of blonde curly hair; Napoleon's eyes were gray-blue, he had very clear blue eyes, of quite a different tone. I have often seen at Chantilly a portrait of him, painted for Marie-Louise and given by her to the Princess de Salerne, mother of the Duchess d'Aumale. It is impossible to find in this pretty aquarelle a single trait of Napoleon.

The legend of a Duke of Reichstadt possessed with a desire to imitate, to avenge his father, conspiring secretly with French emissaries and trying to involve his grandfather Francis in an attempt to dethrone Louis Philippe, must be abandoned; and history must also renounce another legend, which attributes to Prince Metternich a settled plan to corrupt the young Prince, to surround him with temptations and to shorten his life by sensualism. The bare truth is sufficiently dramatic; the contrast between the intellect of the father and the intellect of the son is, to a philosopher, as instructive as the contrast between their historical rôles. The laws of heredity, which worked so much to the detriment of the young Prince's capacity and character, were only too inexorable in a physical sense. A number of his ascendants and relations, on the maternal side, had been the victims of tuberculosis; the Empress Thérèse, the second wife of the Emperor Francis, had sixteen brothers and sisters, ten of whom died before they were ten years old, one at twenty-two years, one at twenty-nine years; two only lived past sixty.

Correspondence.

WILKES'S LAND.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In an article published in the *Geographical Journal* for November, 1899, Sir Clements Markham, President of the Royal Geographical Society, made a proposition which will appear strange to Americans. He suggested that the regions surrounding the South Pole should be considered, for reasons of convenience, as divided into four quadrants, each covering ninety degrees of longitude, and to be called respectively, Enderby, Victoria, Ross, and Weddell. The article says: "The Victoria quadrant first presents, for examination, the lands sighted by Balleny and Dumont d'Urville from 118° E. to the Balleny Isands in 162° E., namely, Adélie and Sabrina lands."

It seems proper for American and French geographers to take note of this proposition, the advantages of which are not self-evident, and to assert the rights of discovery which belong to their own representatives. In the article the names of many Antarctic explorers are mentioned, perhaps all those of any prominence, with the exception of that of Commodore Charles Wilkes of the United States Navy.

In the months of January and February, 1840, Commodore Wilkes, in command of the United States Exploring Expedition, sailed along the Antarctic ice between about 65° and 67° of south latitude, and from about 165° to 97° of east longitude, some sixty-eight degrees of longitude. In several places he reported sighting high land, to which he affixed the names of Ringgold's Knoll, North's High Land, Totten's High Land, Budd's High Land, Knox's High Land, and Termination Land. His discoveries gave the first intimation of the possible existence of an Antarctic continent. In the same month, also, apparently some ten days only after Wilkes, the great French sailor, Dumont d'Urville, appears to have touched this land, in about 66° 30″ south latitude and 140° east longitude. It seems to have been at the spot called by Wilkes Piner's Bay, and which D'Urville named Adélie Land.

This portion of the Antarctic, therefore, extending over a distance of some sixty-eight degrees of longitude, was explored by Americans, whose discoveries were certified to by Frenchmen. It is still delineated on maps and atlases only from the charts of the discoverers. It is generally known as "Wilkes's Land"—a name which may be found, for instance, in Stieler's Atlas (Justus Perthes, Gotha, 1866), in Justus Perthes's 'Taschen-Atlas' (1893), in the *Times* Atlas (London, 1895); and, in accordance with the traditions of geography, it is only just that it should bear the name of its explorer. If the division into quadrants should be agreed on, this one should be termed "Wilkes's quadrant," but in any case the part of the Antarctic explored by Wilkes should remain known as "Wilkes's Land."

Yours very truly, Edwin S. Balch.

Philadelphia, May 7, 1900.

DECORATIVE WORK IN THE PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your correspondent Mr. Frederick W. Coburn fitly characterizes the Art Students' League of New York, but in doing so he seems to imply that decorative work of a practical nature is unusual in an art school.

May I beg to inform you that the lecture-room of this institution has been decorated with mural paintings by the students of our schools, and that this work has been pronounced of singular fitness and beauty by such authorities in that field as Mr. C. Y. Turner, Mr. Joseph DeCamp, Mr. John W. Alexander, Mr. Alden Weir, and many other eminent artists? The room is a spacious one, around the upper portion of which runs a line of large and distinguished compositions upon themes selected by the Instructor in Composition, Mr. Henry J. Thouron, whose work in this branch has won the compliment of imitation in several of the larger schools.

This exhibit of the work of the students in a practical field of art is always open upon the request of visitors to the Academy; and in view of your correspondent's approval of this tendency in art training, I judge that there are many who would care to see the work.—Yours very truly,

Harrison S. Morris,
Managing Director.

The Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts,
Philadelphia, May 1, 1900.

ANY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Seeing that *any* is ultimately based on the Anglo-Saxon *án*, 'one,' those who, aware of the fact, would be informed how long, or by whom, it has been employed, either as an adjective or as a pronoun, in the plural, have, it must be admitted, a claim to satisfaction at the hands of lexi-

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cographers. But where, even among the voluminous dictionaries at present competing for favour, are they to look for the enlightenment they desiderate? This question has, no doubt, often been tacitly asked by the inquisitive, with the result that, if unable to recollect what they have, all their lives, been used to meet with, or if impatient of undertaking personal search, they have hastily concluded that, in correct speech, *any* is and always has been restricted to the singular number. Nor has this conclusion been arrived at in soliloquy only. For instance, in a recent issue of the London *Notes and Queries*, "any men," associated with "those kind" and "each are," is spurned as an "ungrammatical" collocation, "which, it is to be hoped, no persistency of vulgar usage may cause to be accepted as standard English." These opinions, which have been so repeatedly expressed that they must have considerable prevalence, have nowhere, to my knowledge, been formally confuted, easy as is their confutation. To such as entertain them, the particulars about to be given should be demonstrative of their erroneousness. Nevertheless, they will fail to be so, until their notions as to the means of ascertaining good grammar and authoritative precedent shall come to be dictated by right reason.

Allusion is here intended to the conceit, which confronts us at every turn, that, in a matter of language, individual fancy, however little observation it may have been determined by, is sufficient to warrant a decisive judgment.

The superficialists with whom the scientific philologian is here at issue, affecting occupancy of his domain, content themselves with arguing, as concerns *any*, that, since it denotes unity, its plurality, and equally that of *one*, is, in the nature of things, absurd. They have to learn that absurdity is a quality which can only with great hazard be predicated of anything in speech.

Language, and likewise grammar, are what man has chosen to make them, and, like their maker, are subject to perpetual flux. For many visionaries, however, who speculate and dogmatize about them, it looks as if there must somewhere exist a repository of absolute and infallible linguistic and æsthetic principles, of which they are vouchsafed the freedom. Leaving them to derive inspiration from Utopia, or the moon, if so they will, let us turn to *any* considered historically.

Though no proof is here produced that *ænig*, the far-off ancestor of *any*, had a plural, it seems unlikely that Anglo-Saxon wanted a representative of *ulli*. But slight inquiry reveals that *anie*, in *anie othre*, was used as early as 1230. Another of the old forms of the plural, *ony*, appears about 1380, in Wyclif's *ony men*, *II. Peter*, iii., 9, the rendering of *aliquos* in the Vulgate, after the Greek τινάς. Yet *any men* was flouted only the other day, as has been noted above.

From Bp. Pecock, Capgrave, and the *Paston Letters*, it is gathered that the plural here discussed was firmly established in the fifteenth century; and its currency, thenceforward, has been uninterrupted. Among authors of unquestionable repute, on this side of 1750, quotable for it on demand, are, to name a handful, Dr. Johnson, James Harris, Bp. Warburton, Cowper, Bp. Lowth, Goldsmith, William Mitford, Gibbon, Sir William Jones, Burke, Horne Tooke, Dr. Parr, Sydney Smith, Southey, Lord Byron, Thomas Moore, Dean Milman, Coleridge, Shelley, Charles Lamb, Bp. Heber, Hallam, Landor, William Taylor, Dr. Whewell, De Quincey, Bp. Thirlwall, Cardinal Newman, and Lord Macaulay. In the pages of no one of them did it elude a quest of ten minutes. Dr. Johnson has "any precepts" and "any pretensions," in the *Adventurer*, Nos. 119 and 131; Lord Macaulay, "any institutions" and "any powers," in his review of Southey's *Sir Thomas More*.

Nothing more, surely, in the way of practical authority, can be required to justify such a phrase as *any men*. For the rest, *men* does not convey the same idea, and as little does *some men*. English would sorely stand in need of improvement, if we could not say, "Any flowers are better than none."

As old, probably, as the *any* now dispatched, and just as well authorized, is the plural of the same word when a pronoun, as could easily be evidenced. F. H.

MARLESFORD, ENGLAND, April 10, 1900.

P. S. Where Capgrave is quoted in my letter about *on to*, *sond*, still heard in East Anglia, should have been printed, and not *sand*. Another of his altered spellings is *sangh*, for *saugh*, that is, *saw*. In the same line, his barbarous *hough* is for *how*. With many writers of former times, a word was best spelled, when it was allowed as many letters as it could hold.

I also wrote *East Anglian*; not *East Anglican*.

From sorting my quotations for *on to* hastily, I missed consigning that from T. L. Peacock to my postscript. For pointing this out my thanks are due to Mr. N. T. Bacon of Peace Dale, R. I. F. H.

April 27, 1900.

Notes.

Rand, McNally & Company, Chicago, have nearly ready 'Twenty Years in Europe,' by S. H. M. Byers, former United States Consul to Italy and Switzerland. The illustrations will be numerous, and more than twenty unpublished letters of Gen. Sherman's will lend value to the text.

A quintuple number of the Riverside Literature Series (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) produces a compact, large-type edition of Thackeray's 'Henry Esmond,' at a low price.

'The Civilization of India,' one of the Dent-Macmillan Temple Primers, by Romesh C. Dutt, C.I.E., is an excellent compendium of Hindu history from the point of view indicated in the title. A brief survey of the growth and change of political features is combined with an attractive résumé of the chief literary works, while arts and sciences are represented by a few characterizing paragraphs and illustrations. The latter cannot be said to be good, and had better have been omitted. But the only serious defect we have found is in the matter of pre-Buddhistic dates. The "epic age" is *not* "from 1400 to 800 B. C.," but much later, and the grammarian Panini did *not* live "some centuries" before the fourth century B. C. Subsequent dates, however, as far as we have observed, are correct, and the booklet is in general to be commended, though some latitude must be allowed to the Hindu author's inclination to see better times in the remote past than under English rule.

Sir J. G. Bourinot's 'Builders of Nova Scotia: An Historical Review' (Toronto: The Copp-Clark Co.) originated in a paper read before the Historical Society of that province, and is essentially a chronicle, supplemented by documentary appendixes of some rarity or especial interest. The most readable section is that conveying the author's recollections of the men of the last generation. He saw Judge Haliburton and gives some account of him, but not at first hand. In the case of Joseph Howe and of James William Johnston it is otherwise. Numerous portraits and views increase the worth of this volume for reference, but of two Governors, Cornwallis (the founder of Halifax) and Lawrence, no effigy appears to remain.

The "Monuments Commission" have presented their report upon Gettysburg to the Governor of New York, and it makes three quarto volumes. The first has Lieut.-Col. William F. Fox's historical paper upon New York at Gettysburg, filling a hundred pages. This is followed by the Roster of all the organizations of troops which took part in the battle. Then come the descriptions of the monuments erected to mark positions of regiments, and the proceedings and orations at their transfer, severally, to the public. These make the larger bulk of the report. Col. Fox's paper is a carefully prepared history of the battle, with special reference to the part taken by New York troops. It is illustrated by a series of five good maps and a number of photogravures of excellent views of different parts of the field. All the regimental monuments are shown by photographs. The great number of these inevitably produces the effect of a cemetery, for the different States emulate each other in memorials of all their regiments. It is a pity that there was not a limitation of monumental structures to such as would be appropriate to a park, in number and in kind, marking the positions of troops by uniform unobtrusive tablets, easily found by the help of an indexed pamphlet. The presentation of the report by Gen. Sickles, a corps commander, wounded on the field, and chairman of the commission, is very fitting.

It is not often that the weekly comments of a newspaper writer upon a current war will bear republication, but this is what is done in Mr. Spencer Wilkinson's 'Lessons of the War' (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.), which is the compilation of his articles in the *London Letter*, upon the South African war, down to the relief of Ladysmith by Lord Roberts's advance into the Orange Free State. Mr. Wilkinson's former military criticisms give weight to whatever he says, and his aim has been to compare, step by step, the action of the British Government and the conduct of the campaign with acknowledged principles of strategy. The reprinting of the papers is a telling example of the "I told you so," on a large scale. The questionable feature of his criticism is that he loads all the responsibility upon Lord Salisbury's Administration, and assumes that the army commanders would have been all right if let alone. This is a too violent assumption. We can understand that he may well adopt a tone of sympathy and charity toward officers in the field, but the campaign has shown such faults of both strategy and tactics in detail, that Wolseley, Buller, and Methuen must be regarded as answerable for them until the contrary is shown. Salisbury, Lansdowne, and Balfour

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have enough to answer for without charging strictly military errors to their account.

Mr. J. Willis Clark's 'Old Friends at Cambridge and Elsewhere' (Macmillan) consists frankly of reprinted reviews of biographies and obituary notices, substantially untouched. Though offered in lieu of Memoirs or Recollections, they are singularly wanting in the personal note, and depend for their interest mainly upon the writer's selection from the material before him. Something much more entertaining might have resulted from a recasting of the reviews, but in the obituaries Mr. Clark hardly suggests the capacity for characterization. Whewell, Connop Thirlwall, Monckton Milnes, Edward Henry Palmer, Francis Maitland Balfour, Henry Bradshaw, and Richard Owen are the most famous of the eleven subjects here treated.

Miss Anne Hollingsworth Wharton's 'Salons, Colonial and Republican' (Lippincott) is a rambling discourse of persons and manners "in colonial life and in the early days of the republic." A digest of memoirs and tradition and family letters, it can hardly be called easy reading, and the fact that its index is wholly of names shows that the author's intention was to gratify family curiosity and pride. This is reinforced by a liberal supply of portraits, largely miniatures, which possess the usual interest, and are very well executed. The book is gayly bound.

More showy is 'The Sovereign Ladies of Europe,' edited by the Countess A. von Bothmer, with 153 illustrations (London: Hutchinson & Co.; Philadelphia: Lippincott). The text smacks of the courtier, but the queens of to-day certainly have solid claims to respect, and occasionally to admiration for personal charm and talent. The late queens of Austria and of Denmark are included in these sketches, of which the literary quality is very slight. There is no index.

In July of last year was held in London an International Congress of Women, and the Transactions, edited by the Countess of Aberdeen, have now been published in seven volumes, compactly but clearly printed (London: T. Fisher Unwin). It would exceed our limits to attempt a summary of the little library. We can only say that one volume deals with the general course of the proceedings, and is embellished with numerous excellent portraits of the delegates and participants, certainly a fine and truly œcumenical array of intellect, character, and social standing—not omitting "Madame Shen, Hon. Vice-President for China." Two volumes are required for papers on Women in the Professions; and one each for Women in Industrial Life, in Education, in Social Life, in Politics—this last the thinnest of all, yet recording the fairness of the Congress in receiving and printing a paper, "The Why and Wherefore of the Anti-Suffrage Movement in the State of New York." This series will be a landmark in the enfranchisement of women.

Very welcome to all who have gardens, or who mean to have them, even if they are only boxes in a city window, will be Mr. C. E. Hunn's 'Amateur's Practical Garden-Book,' which appears in Prof. L. H. Bailey's "Garden Craft Series" (Macmillan). Nothing better of the kind is easily conceivable, and it is astonishing how much information the author has contrived to put into so small a book. Exactly those things are told which experts are so apt to forget to tell amateurs, and the fortunate possessor of this manual will have only himself to blame if he fails of his desire either in shrubs, flowers, fruits, or vegetables. Possibly some more definite information might have been given concerning the hardiness of particular plants in the various climates of our country; but this imperfection, if it be one, does not prevent our hearty commendation of the book. Mr. Hunn, it may be added, is gardener to the Horticultural Department of Cornell University.

'Rural Wealth and Welfare,' by Prof. George T. Fairchild (Macmillan), although it appears in the same series as the foregoing, hardly belongs there, and its title is, in fact, misleading. The book is really a popular presentation of the elements of political economy, which is certainly no more a rural than a commercial science. Farmers will do well to acquaint themselves with the fundamental truths of economics, which are very well expounded by Prof. Fairchild; but they will also do well to understand mathematics and therapeutics. The value of the "Rural Science Series" will be impaired if it become understood that it is not devoted to agriculture.

The Macmillan Co. have published Dr. John MacCunn's 'Making of Character.' Dr. MacCunn is professor of philosophy in University College, Liverpool. His book is not an abstract ethical treatise, but a manual of domestic morality and self-culture. It deals primarily with questions of heredity and environment, but at every step the discussion opens out into practical applications. A thread of strong common sense runs through the book, and this is nowhere more apparent than in a chapter reviewing Mr. Spencer's well-known doctrine of "Natural Reactions": that the child should be allowed to discover that fire burns, etc. Dr. MacCunn is a devout Wordsworthian, and his chapter, "The Education of Nature," is probably the chapter that he wrote with most affection. His illustrative quotations are numerous and very happy. More of them are drawn from Wordsworth, Burns, and Burke than from other writers. The book abounds in suggestions which parents would find useful in the guidance of their children and in the management of their own lives.

In the thirty-first annual report of the Cleveland Public Library Board, noticeable is the statement regarding the operation of the library of the Central High School as a branch of the Public Library; and the suggestion that future city school buildings should be planned with a library-room "which might serve both as a school and a neighborhood library." The librarian relates the extraordinary precautions to prevent the spread of contagion through the library books, but points out that in fifteen years not one of the library force has been afflicted with a contagious disease, as might have been expected were the danger really serious.

In an article on "Friedrichs des Grossen Dichtungen aus der Zeit des siebenjährigen Krieges" in *Die Neueren Sprachen* for February-March, the writer, Dr. Mangold of Berlin, shows how irresistible was the impulse which made the great king utter in French verse his innermost thoughts and feelings amid the vicissitudes of a long and hazardous war. For the eighty-three poems of that period, amounting in the aggregate to between seven and eight thousand lines, are closely related to contemporaneous events. Whatever may be the literary value of Frederick's poetry—and competent judges have spoken of it with respect—the light which it throws upon the character and soul-life of the man makes it a worthy subject of study. Its bulk, however, is discouraging; according to Dr. Mangold it reaches nearly the double of all of Molière's works. The only complete edition, that of Preuss, in 'Œuvres de Frédéric le Grand' (1846-57), is pronounced inadequate, and the bibliography of the subject is shown to be scanty.

The Germans have been giving for some time an unusual amount of attention to Morocco, with a view to business opportunities and colonization—possibly annexation. A series of ten exceptionally illuminating articles on the interior has been appearing in the *Berliner Tageblatt*, signed "Ahasver." The issue for April 8 contains one dated at Marrakesh, and gives a description of the local slave market. It is not what it used to be in the "good old times." Seldom are there more than 100 slaves on sale at a time, and the supply is usually not equal to the demand; consequently, prices are going up. A negro boy of twelve costs $25 to $35, a shapely girl $50 to $70; white slaves are in great demand, and fetch ten times as much as the colored ones. Most of the negroes come from the western Sudan. The slaves are subjected to a physical examination, like animals, and the visitor's feelings are often lacerated by the lamentations of members of a family that are separated from one another for all time. Slaves, however, are not treated cruelly otherwise in Morocco, where they have the status of regular servants. Jews and Christians are not permitted to buy slaves. "Ahasver" expresses the opinion that it will not be possible to exterminate the Moroccan slave trade so long as the country is under a Mohammedan sultan.

—The last issue of the Proceedings of the American Antiquarian Society gives us for the first time in print the original Minutes of the Council of Sir Edmund Andros, Royal Governor of New England. We cannot afford to lose any historical fraction concerning Massachusetts in 1686-7, the supreme crisis in her annals—the great agony when her charter had been torn away. But in regard to these epoch-making months we owe our knowledge at first hand to these Minutes, which have hitherto existed only in manuscript. These notes set down day by day were the protograph, or protevangelium, from which Gov. Andros evolved such gospels as suited his purposes—doctoring them till they became a dainty dish to set before the King, James II., to whom he owed his own creation. These significant missives of Andros are preserved at London in the Colonial State Paper Office, were copied half a century ago for Massachusetts, and laid up in her manuscript archives as the ultimate sources of knowledge. When collated, however, with the Boston copies, the original Minutes made it clear that they had been tampered with. A dozen meetings of his council chronicled in the Minutes Andros left without a syllable of notice. In one case, four pages of the Minutes through his concision dwindle down to two lines. Some details were retrenched as not judged worth transmission beyond the sea, but none will be without honor or meaning in their own country. Among matters discussed were taxation,

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currency, church and state, toleration, etc., but space allows only adding a word from the Minutes respecting the printing-press. The *ipsissima verba* on printing we republish because, as reported by Andros, they were much condensed. They are further noteworthy as attesting the alarm which trumpet blasts like Milton's 'Areopagitica' had roused—a panic which had made Gov. Berkeley thank God there was no printing-press in Virginia, and which was in 1690 at Boston to strangle in its first issue *Publick Occurrences*, the first newspaper printed in America. The word *newspaper* is not found in the Minutes. This is not surprising, for it was not discovered till the present year as used in England earlier than 1680. *(Notes and Queries*, 9th S., v. 35.)

—In the Minutes of the 28th of January, 1686, we read (marks of punctuation conspicuously absent): "His Exce takeing notice of the great danger wch might ensue by permitting the use of Printing presses in Boston and the Town of Cambridge unless speedily taken care of and thereupon Ordered that no Papers, books, or Pamphlets be henceforth printed either in Boston or Cambridge untill Licensed according to Law and that no Printer be admitted of and Licensed to Print untill he hath given five hundred pound bond to his Maty in the Secretary's office not to print any unlicensed papers, books or pamphlets. That Copies of Books &c. to be printed be first perused by Mr. Dudley late Presidt and upon his allowance of them for the Press, that one Copie thereof so allowed and attested by him be brought to the Secys Office to be left on Record, and receive from him an Imprimatur." We must add that these Council relics, long lost more hopelessly than the *Mayflower* log, came to the Antiquarian Society's library from an unknown giver, who sent with them a statement that he had rescued them from the flames, and that, if useful for nothing else, they might, he thought, serve to light some Antiquarian pipe, to which purpose they came very near being devoted by himself.

—In keeping pace with the Oxford English Dictionary, one is often struck with words or locutions natural to the mother country, but which could not arise on this side of the water. One such class is in the very front of the April quarterly instalment (Henry Frowde), namely, a combination of *in-* prefix with substantives. A typical example is "in-clearing," as in the citation from Jevons, 1878: "Messengers . . . walking round the desks . . . receiving [the parcels] of 'in-clearing,' or, as they are called in New York, the . . . Debit Exchanges." So W. H. H. Hudson suggests in *Nature*, 1883, "in-circle" for inscribed circle. In-brother, in-burgess, in-case, in-clearer, in-clerk, in-company, in-dweller, in-evidence, in-parts, in-party, in-patient, in-pensioner, are some of a fairly long list little familiar in this country, and not (we feel sure) increased formatively by us, at least in the case of *in-* locative. The interchangeability of *in-* and *en-* exists in both countries, but "indorse" is the American, "endorse" the English usage. Any predominantly Latin tract, like that embraced between *in* and *infer*, is well calculated to show the opulence of the language in synonyms. Thus, for flesh-colored, we have reached out after incarnadine, incarnate, incarnation; and, for inhabitant, after incolant, incolent, incolary, incoler, incolist. If we have relaxed our grasp on this latter group, let not the Anglo-Saxon purist exult. The poet will lament the loss, and, what is more, has the power to repair it. "Inenarrable;" better stressed on the second syllable than, with Bailey, on the third, is another obsolete word, that one might like to see revived. And speaking of stress, it is instructive to observe the conventional mode, in the same line, of indicating the accent of incandescing and the line-division in the same place, incandesc- ing. Would it not be better also to hyphenate thus: incande- scing? Inculcate is preferred to a penultimate stress; infantile, infantine are alone recognized. Again, we have in this vocabulary several instances of the struggle for existence between -able, -ible compounds built respectively on the first and the third root of certain Latin verbs—the third root carrying the day, *e. g.*, inevadible (inevasible), inexprimable (inexpressible), inexhaurible (inexhaustible). On this class of adjectives euphemism has drawn largely for allusion to breeches: ineffables, inexplicables, inexpressibles, unmentionables.

—"Inch," though of straight Latin derivation, being peculiar to Anglo-Saxon among the Teutonic group of languages, is treated as if pure English; this is but the just due of a measure which Piazzi Smyth invested with a semi-sacred character, the metric system notwithstanding. There is no doubt that we aped the Germans in applying "incunabula" to books, first adventured in 1861; "incunable" following in 1886. There is no hint here of a Gallicism on Burney's part when he used "inedited" for unpublished as far back as 1776. Statues were "inaugurated" as early as 1852, when Lord Cockburn said it was "now the fashion [so] to call such proceedings." To use the word merely for begin is grandiose. "Inaugural," meaning the President's message in particular, is American, and we probably used first the verb "incandesce." It was an American trope which Playfair quoted when reporting the Western dictum, "It is cheaper to 'incarnate' Indian corn [*i. e.*, by feeding cattle with it] than to send that bulky grain by railways." We observe that Dr. Murray, by the way, under Indian (North American) takes no cognizance of the time-honored pronunciation *injun*. "Incineration" for cremation is still another Americanism. "Income-tax" we gladly resign to our British cousins, who invented it as a war tax in 1799, reintroduced it in 1842, and have clung to it ever since, though McCulloch in 1846 said it certainly "should not be retained a moment after it can be dispensed with." Johnson, Goldsmith, and Scott gave their sanction to the employment of "individual" in the ordinary sense of person, without reference to class or group contrast; but, says Dr. Murray, it is now used "chiefly as a colloquial vulgarism or as a term of disparagement." However, we seem drawn to it for a neutral expression by the same convenience which the French have found in it. George Eliot's "incalculable son" furnishes a perfect analogy for the much-abused reliable. The extraordinary custodians of the language who every now and again cry out against such constructions as "he has been spoken to," "he was refused admittance," will find them calmly set down here under "indirect passive." Finally, for the regimen of "independence," we observe quotations of *from* (1657-1683, and 1896 by Mr. Bryce in his 'Free State'), *on* (1761), *of* (1768, American), and *upon* (1771).

—Miss E. Main's 'Cities and Sights of Spain' (Macmillan) is intended for people who want to travel in that country unburdened by a courier. The author has made three trips in Spain, and here offers the result of her experience as a supplement to the guide-books, and, to some extent, a substitute for them. She thinks that a good idea of the country can be obtained in three visits, of a month each, and she found travelling in Spain not only feasible for a woman alone, but cheaper than in most European countries; the cost of a five weeks and a half trip being £30, of which £12 was for a first-class ticket—altogether about $4 a day, stopping at the best hotels, too, which average about $2 a day. The food was usually well cooked and abundant, and in only one hotel was it spoiled by the use of the detestable Spanish oil, and that was one managed by an Englishman. Miss Main does not hesitate to declare that the food of the lower classes in Spain is prepared much more invitingly than among the same classes in England. Of wines it is to be feared she is not a connoisseur, or she would not have recommended the Rioja claret, which the present writer has always found to be a vile chemical compound, innocent of the blood of grapes. At Elche she came across a manufactory of tinned fruits and vegetables with a capacity of 25,000 tins a day. The peas are automatically sorted in sizes, which affords a means of testing whether the peas furnished at a restaurant are tinned or fresh. A strange sort of industry was discovered by Miss Main at Murcia. Silkworms that are of no further use in their special line are soaked in vinegar, and their bodies subsequently pulled by girls into fine and almost unbreakable thread, which is used for fishing-nets. In many parts of Spain she noticed that magnificent new highways were being constructed, while electric light is being introduced everywhere, even in the monastery on Montserrat. Amateur photographers and lovers of cathedrals are supplied with plenty of hints, and the book is liberally adorned with pictures, many of them new, while two pages are devoted to illustrations of architectural terms. As a matter of course Miss Main also takes the reader from Gibraltar to Morocco. "Tangier with its northern aspect, its breezy terraces, where you can lounge all day under shady trees, its cool, fresh air, is an untold boon to the parched-up dwellers on the Rock." The ride to Fez can now be made in six days, under proper escort, safety being assured because the Sultan always levies a heavy tax on a district where an outrage is committed.

—Egypt continues to be an object-lesson to the world in successful government. Lord Cromer reports a surplus for the year 1899 of more than $2,000,000, and a considerable decrease of the debt. "The revenue reached the highest figure yet recorded since the British occupation commenced," notwithstanding the unprecedented failure of the Nile flood. This misfortune, which in former days would have occasioned famine and plague, has been attended by no other consequences than those of "temporary inconvenience." The low Nile has, in fact, greatly facilitated the construction of the storage reservoirs, which have consequently

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been pushed on with great rapidity. Lord Cromer refers to the friendly relations with Abyssinia, a general basis of a frontier arrangement having been settled with the Emperor Menelek. The reorganization of the Sudan is represented as going on satisfactorily, notwithstanding great difficulties. Among these is the registration of the land; the Dervish habit of exterminating, deporting, and transposing tribes having caused the most hopeless confusion in the ownership of landed property. An expedition has been sent to cut the sudd or barrier of reeds in the White Nile, and it is hoped that a survey will show the practicability of making dams and banks at the southern apex of the swamp-delta, and of deepening a channel of the river. This will not only prevent the formation of the sudd, but will increase the summer supply of water to Egypt by 50 per cent. From another source we learn that the rebuilding of Khartum has progressed so rapidly that what, a year ago, was practically a heap of ruins, is now "a city of broad streets and handsome buildings, of tramways and electric lights." "The Gordon Memorial College, a large red-brick structure with shady galleries and porticos, covering three sides of a square, has far outstripped its scholars, and in a few months it will be ready for work." In striking contrast to this, El Obeid, the capital of Kordofan, but recently a flourishing city of 30,000 inhabitants, when reoccupied in December last "was found to be entirely deserted, save for a single leopard who sat upon the ruins of the principal well."

RECENT BRITISH POETRY.

The criticism is sometimes made that American writers who transfer their homes to England are apt to arrest their progress thereby; and either, like Bret Harte, go on repeating over and over the same types of character by which they won their fame, even though the types themselves have become extinct in the localities where they were first described; or, like Henry James, become oblivious of the outer world altogether, and entangle themselves more and more in intellectual subtleties of their own weaving. To this it may be urged, on the other side, that Mr. Howells has encountered, even in New York, the counterpart of both these checks; and either unearths his own characters to repeat their old conversations, or finds in altruism an entanglement as effectual as that met by Mr. James in introspection. This being the case, there is a certain satisfaction in observing one American author, Mrs. Craigie, who goes on maturing even in London. In comparing, for instance, "Osbern and Ursyne," a drama in three acts, by John Oliver Hobbes (Lane), with this lady's earlier novel under the same nom de plume, 'The Gods, Some Mortals and Lord Wickenham,' one finds a distinct increase of power and a diminution of cynicism, although there may be plenty left. One may say that the sun sets in this book at the moment of rising, since the very first line is

"Setting sun and joy of life all quenched";

while the curtain finally falls on the murdered bodies of the two leading characters. Since, however, this final outcome is precisely what happens in two contemporary English dramas, both so remarkable as quite to eclipse Mrs. Craigie's, she must only be pronounced to be so far in the fashion. She has simply lived so long in England as to have brought the English shadow over her—a phenomenon whose existence none can deny who has watched the recent tendencies of London poetry. Why is it that the most hilarious member of the Saville Club can find nothing to paint except battle, murder, and sudden death, when he takes to the drama? In Mrs. Craigie's case this utter sombreness is sometimes relieved by graceful phrases, as when Arlette says to her lover (p. 20):

"My home is in thine heart, and there I'll rest,
As some small sea-gull, nestling on the sea,
Floats o'er the agitations of each tide
With confident peace."

It is certainly remarkable that a veteran poet and a youthful poet should have produced almost simultaneously dramas so remarkable as Mr. Swinburne's "Rosamund, Queen of the Lombards: A Tragedy" (Dodd, Mead & Co.) and Stephen Phillips's "Paolo and Francesca: A Tragedy" (Lane). The very fact of youth has seemingly given Mr. Phillips the advantage with the critics, joined to the fact that Mr. Swinburne's previous tragedies have been rather disappointing. But if the test of dramatic distinction be the creation of marked individual characters and the intertwining of their lives in a manner most ingenious, close-knit, and absolutely original, then Mr. Swinburne's drama must be placed at the head in the comparison with his younger rival, if not, indeed, above all recent dramatic compositions. Not, indeed, that "Paolo and Francesca" does not possess some of these high qualities, only in a less degree. And it has, on the other hand, a greater number of distinctly quotable passages, and something of that Shaksperian relief, drawn from common life, which Mr. Swinburne discards. It is therefore pleasanter reading, if that word can be applied to either book. Even the detached passages which are strongest in the work of Mr. Phillips are often heart-breaking in their sadness, as in this lament of the childless woman (p. 24):

"*Lucrezia.* Bitterness—am I bitter? Strange, oh strange!
How else? My husband dead, and childless left,
My thwarted woman-thoughts have inward turned,
And that vain milk like acid in me eats.
Have I not in my thought trained little feet
To venture, and taught little lips to move
Until they shaped the wonder of a word?
I am long practised. O those children mine!
Mine, doubly mine: and yet I cannot touch them,
I cannot see them, hear them—Does great God
Expect I shall clasp air and kiss the wind
For ever? And the budding cometh on,
The burgeoning, the cruel flowering:
At night the quickening splash of rain, at dawn
That muffled call of babes how like to birds;
And I amid these sights and sounds must starve—
I, with so much to give, perish of thrift!
Omitted by His casual dew!
Giovanni. Well, well,
You are spared much: children can wring the heart.
Luc. Spared! to be spared what I was born to have!
I am a woman, and this very flesh
Demands its natural pangs, its rightful throes,
And I implore with vehemence these pains.

. . . . . .

O! but I grudge the mother her last look
Upon the coffined form—that pang is rich—
Envy the shivering cry when gravel falls.

It is such souls as mine that go to swell
The childless cavern cry of the barren sea,
Or make that human ending to night-wind."

There are in the same drama many equally noticeable passages. Sometimes the immediate effect of the drama is for a moment merged in these, which is never the case in "Rosamund," whose whole structure is absolutely dramatic; and if, in spite of himself, the author sometimes yields to his old magical music, it always has a dramatic place, even with cadences so completely Swinburnian as this (p. 67):

"*Albovine.*
Well, God be good to them and thee and me!
I would this fierce Italian June were dead,
So hard it weighs upon me.
"*Rosamund.* Now not long
Shall we sustain or sink aswoon from it.
It has but left a day or two to die.
"*Albovine.*
And well were that, if summer died with June.
Two red months more must set on sense and soul
The branding-iron stamped of summer: nay,
The sea is here no sea to cherish man:
It brings no choral comfort back with tides
That surge and sink and swell and chime and change
And lighten life with music where the breath
Dies and revives of night and day."

There is also one of Mr. Swinburne's unmistakably Greek effects in the very last line of the tragedy, where the old soldier and councillor winds up the tragedy with

"Let none make moan. This doom is none of man's."

In Lady Lindsay's 'The Apostle of the Ardennes' (London: Kegan Paul) she sets to music in very fair blank verse the legend of Saint Hubert the Hunter, who turned from his furious hunting after the death of his fair young wife, and became thenceforth the Apostle of the Ardennes, being Bishop at last, and dying in the odor of sanctity (p. 160):

"Yea, where at peace should saintly Hubert rest
Save that it be the core of green Ardennes?
For, when the furtive deer pass down the glade,
Perchance at some small rill to slake their thirst,
They pause, and, large-eyed, gaze with mournful look
As who should say: here sleeps that hermit mild
That was our friend. And flocks of tiny birds
Draw ofttimes near to chaunt his requiem,
And through the blueness of a summer night,
With breast against a thorn, the nightingale
Sings of the birth of perfect life through pain.
So all the wild and forest things know well
That he—apostle of Ardennes—sleeps soft
In some cathedral cloister of the wood."

It is a curious fact that in this book the ordinary narrative and the charming descriptions of nature in the blank verse are far better than the lyric passages. In most narrative poems this is otherwise. By an odd coincidence, a similar appeal for the preservation of animal life is made in the curious book, 'Satan Absolved: A Victorian Mystery,' by Wilfred Scawen Blunt (Lane), a book "dedicated by permission to Mr. Herbert Spencer," in which Satan goes to heaven on the Lord's "day," finds heaven sweet with its old-world furniture and its floors of sandal-wood, and proceeds to give the Deity a plain piece of his mind as to the detestable qualities of the Anglo-Saxon and his love of universal killing; and the author makes his point as clearly in his preface as in his poem. He says, by way of self-revelation:

"He cannot expect but that he may wound by his plain speaking the feelings of those among his readers who sincerely believe that Nineteenth Century Civilization is synonymous with Christianity, and that the English Race, above all those in existence, has a special mission from Heaven to subdue and occupy the Earth. The self-complacency of the Author's countrymen on this head is too deeply seated to be attacked without offence. . . . The destruction of beauty in the name of science, the destruction of happiness in the name of progress, the destruction of reverence in the name of religion, these are the pharisaic crimes of all the white races; but there is something in the Anglo-Saxon impiety crueller still: that it also destroys, as no other race does, for its mere vainglorious pleasure. The Anglo-Saxon alone has in our day exterminated, root and branch, whole tribes of mankind. He alone has depopulated continents, species after species, of their wonderful animal life, and is still yearly destroying; and this not merely to occupy the land, for it lies in large part empty, but for his insatiable lust of violent adventure, to make record bags and kill. That things are so is ample reason for the hardest words the Author can command."

It is a relief to turn from these tragedies, ideal or actual, to a delightful and refresh-

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ing volume for the traveller's pouch or pocket, 'The Open Road: A Little Book for Wayfarers,' compiled by E. V. Lucas (Holt). It is of British origin, and the verses and prose extracts are largely from those more recent British writers who are fortunately outdoor authors as well. The admixture—we might perhaps call it a jumble—of verse and poetic prose is quite delightful, although at times disfigured by a little mannerism, and especially so when the editor inserts his own imitations of Whitman. Some of Whitman's best things are here, however, and of other American poets we have Hovey, Whittier, Thoreau, Carman, and Burroughs. Some of the sub-heads are well chosen, as "Spring in the Beauty of the Earth," "Sun and Cloud and the Windy Hills," "Garden and Orchard," "Music beneath the Branch," "A Little Company of Good Country People," "A Handful of Philosophy." The decorative end papers by William Hyde strike the only false note in the book, and make the landscape so formal and uninteresting that even "The Open Road" seems unattractive. It is evident that the editor can hardly be a college-bred man, or he would not have allowed two misprints to creep into the two Latin lines which close Praed's delightful poem on "The Vicar"; but with these exceptions we can recommend the book as a charming companion for the traveller, and especially for the pedestrian or the bicycler.

Mr. Owen Seaman, who had the ill luck to achieve such a success with his imitations of other poets in his 'Battle of the Bays,' that everything else he writes will run risk of failure, now tries his fate again with 'In Cap and Bells' (Lane). His Omar Khayyám mimicry is not so good as Mr. Godley's, but one of his best rhythmical successes is "A Song of Inaction," which Americans can now read without a pang, it being a comment on "the first chapter of the Cuban war" after one of Dr. A. Conan Doyle's "Songs of Action" (p. 35):

There was a sanguinary war out West—
(Wake 'em up, shake 'em up, *try 'em on the* transports)
There was a sanguinary war out West,
And the troops lay low on the cocktail quest;
Ho, the jolly fighting braves
Playing poker by the waves,
All beside the Cuban Sea!

The leaguer it lolled by Tampa Bay—
(Prog 'em up, jog 'em up, put 'em on the war-path)
The leaguer it lolled by Tampa Bay,
Nipping by night and napping by day;
Ho, the gunners so slack
They can barely lynch a black,
All beside the Cuban Sea!

The regulars danced to the military band—
(Screw her round, slue her round, every stitch a-straining)
The regulars danced to the military band,
Steel on the heel and kid on the hand;
Ho, the men-of-warlike arts
Working havoc with the hearts,
All beside the Cuban Sea!

. . . . . .

They have gallantly weathered the glassy main—
(Row 'em in, tow 'em in, beach 'em through the breakers)
They have gallantly weathered the glassy main,
And they're safe on terra-cotta again;
And before the year is through
We may hear of something new
Somewhere by the Cuban Sea!

As a matter of fact, this prediction was fulfilled.

'Lyra Frivola,' by A. D. Godley (London: Methuen), is a really good specimen of that microscopic humor, first amusing, and soon fatiguing, which has its home in the Oxford quadrangles. The best of its fooling is, perhaps, to be found in the "Rubáiyát of Moderations," in which the wisdom of Omar is brought to bear upon the toils of a university examination, as thus (p. 15):

Keep clear of Facts: the Fool who deals in those
A Mucker he inevitably goes;
The dusty Don who looks your Paper o'er—
He knows about it all—or thinks he knows.

A Pipe, a Teapot, and a Pencil blue,
A Crib, perchance a Lexicon—and You
Beside him singing in a Wilderness
Of Suppositions palpably untrue—

. . . . . .

Nay! till the Hour for pouring out the Cup
Of Tea post-prandial calls you home to sup,
And from the dark Invigilator's Chair
The mild Muezzin whispers "Time is Up"—

The Moving Finger writes; then, having writ,
The Product of your Scholarship and Wit
Deposit in the proper Pigeonhole—
And thank your Stars that there's an End to it!

Oxford seems responsible also for a book of sonnets by Edmond Holmes, 'The Silence of Love' (Lane), which is inscribed to that city as "Queen of Romance!" The sonnets are Shaksperian in form, which makes their monotony more marked than in the slightly more varied Italian model; and the reader anxiously asks himself, "If fifty sonnets represent the silence of love, how many would suffice for its speech?" Yet the love itself is sweet, tender, and refined, and reminds one a little of the early sonnets in Lowell's 'A Year's Life,' most of which were finally suppressed by him in later years as juvenile. It remains to be seen whether Mr. Holmes will be equally discreet.

Canon Rawnsley's "Sonnets in Switzerland and Italy' (London: Dent) exhibits a similar offence as committed by an older offender, whose sonneteering is now multiplied through many volumes. He has, however, brought his work to great perfection, in its way, and fortunately employs the Petrarchan form, while Switzerland and Italy give him a vast variety of themes. Mr. Seaman, indeed, jeers at his monotony of measure, but we should not wish him to cease writing sonnets so long as he can celebrate with such dignity and sympathy "The Lion of Lucerne" (p. 9):

Ne'er saw I, never felt such solemn breath
Of deep compassion breathed from carven stone,
Nor knew how quiet waters could atone
For sorrow by such sending from beneath
Of heart-appealing pity. In its sheath
Of flesh the spear-shaft breaks, and with a groan
The lion's head falls low, the rocks make moan.

The hollow grove is resonant with death.
This is the meed of duty. They who die
Rather than disavow the oath they swear,
For them each year in silent woody places
Trees bend in grief—their valour fills the air.
Clear in death's silent pool we see their faces,
And on life's rock their immortality.

It would be difficult to find a hundred pages of more utter vacuity than Mr. Le Gallienne's 'Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám: A Paraphrase from Several Literal Translations' (Lane), in which the author exceeds his usual privilege of emptiness. We gladly turn from such a book to the fiery wealth shown in Mr. Tutin's excellent edition of 'Crashaw' (published by the editor at Great Fen Cote, near Bedale, Yorks). Crashaw was omitted from Johnson's Lives, and was practically brought back to fame by the fact that his hymn to Saint Teresa suggested Coleridge's "Christabel." Mr. Francis Thompson also has been among his recent admirers and has evidently felt his influence.

Two recent English poets show traces of temporary residence in America, one of these being Annie Matheson, whose volume of 'Selected Poems, Old and New' (Frowde), shows a singular nobleness and width of thought and profound human feeling—qualities which are all combined, also, in her fine portrait prefixed to the volume. She draws her subjects more often from city streets than from rural solitudes, and joins two continents in this graceful poem (p. 67):

OF THE HUDSON AND THE THAMES.

Now reigns the joyful May time.
The air is blossom-sweet,
As fragrant as the hay-time
When spring and summer meet;
But here in London's very heart, all radiant, of spring,
To a bay as blue as Naples a thought has taken wing.

I let the Thames go dreaming
Beneath the crowded ships,
Along the Hudson gleaming
My boat her rudder dips,
And under bright, unclouded skies, where all the world is young,
I meet the faces Memory has often wept and sung.

I clasp the hands I shall not touch
Till deeper seas are past,
I look on eyes that gave me much
When I looked back at last;
Though death has snapped the cable, yet love that understands
May leave the broken message in Love's unerring hands.

The other book which has a certain international character is 'The Living Past, and Other Poems,' by Thomas Seton Jevons (Macmillan), whose contents have partly appeared in the New York *Home Journal*, and on whose pages the cat-bird and whip-poor-will, the cardinal flower and wisteria, appear so liberally as to make the American reader feel quite at home. The poems themselves have a modest and thoughtful beauty.

'Beyond the Hills of Dream,' by W. Wilfred Campbell, has the interest which always belongs to the books of this strong and original writer, and he has more than usual in this volume of that curious instinct of semi-nationality which marks the Canadian. In his poem "To England," he says (p. 74):

"*England, England, England,*
Wherever a true heart beats,
Wherever the rivers of commerce flow,
Wherever the bugles of conquest blow,
Wherever the glories of liberty grow,
It is the name that the world repeats."

Nevertheless, the rivers of commerce which bear this particular book carry thereby the product of the Riverside Press and of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., American publishers, and it would be difficult to find a more searching cry of discontent than Mr. Campbell sends up in this strong poem (p. 92):

THE LAZARUS OF EMPIRE.

The Celt, he is proud in his protest,
The Scot, he is calm in his place,
For each has a word in the ruling and doom
Of the Empire that honors his race;
And the Englishman, dogged and grim,
Looks the world in the face as he goes,
And he holds a proud lip, for he sails his own ship,
And he cares not for rivals nor foes—
But lowest and last, with his areas vast,
And horizon so servile and tame,
Sits the poor beggar Colonial
Who feeds on the crumbs of her fame.

He knows no place in her councils,
He holds no part in the word
That girdles the world with its thunders
When the fiat of Britain is heard—
He beats no drums to her battles,
He gives no triumphs her name,
But lowest and last, with his areas vast,
He feeds on the crumbs of her fame.

How long, oh, how long, the dishonor,
The servile and suppliant place?
Are we Britons who batten upon her,
Or degenerate sons of the race?
It is souls that make *nations, not numbers*,
As our forefathers proved in the past.
Let us take up the burden of empire,
Or nail our own flag to the mast.
Doth she care for us, value us, want us,
Or are we but pawns in the game;
Where, lowest and last, with our areas vast,
We feed on the crumbs of her fame?

RAWSON'S FAMOUS NAVAL BATTLES.

Twenty Famous Naval Battles: Salamis to Santiago. By E. K. Rawson, Professor United States Navy. New York: T. Y. Crowell & Co.

The publishers announce that this work is

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to take the same place in modern literature that Creasy's 'Decisive Battles' has held for many years; but we have serious doubts as to the soundness of this prophecy, or whether it is justified either by the care shown in the narratives, or by the freshness of the historical material found within the covers of the two volumes that form the work of Prof. Rawson. The sea actions described by him are all in a sense famous, but they are not all great, nor epochal, nor even decisive in the larger sense of the word. It is possible that the author acts upon the remark which he quotes as made to him by Capt. Mahan, that battles are famous only as they are made so by the historian. The narratives have in each instance a page of prelude, with pertinent quotations and paragraphs, ranging in authorship from Herodotus, and Secretary Long's translation of the 'Æneid,' to the navigating officer of the *Olympia* at the time of the Manila fight—and, not to be misunderstood, we must add that there are few persons in the service of the Government who write with clearer diction and greater literary finish than Lieut.-Commander Calkins of the navy. The several accounts, though interesting, show in more than one case a want of care and thorough acquaintance with the facts. For instance, that of the battle of Salamis is lacking in a clear statement of the formation of the Greek fleet either by words or plan, and offers no satisfactory conclusion as to the manner in which the allied Greeks derived so much advantage, with their inferior numbers, from the configuration of the shore line. It is doubtful, too, in treating of the Spanish Armada under the head of the battle of Gravelines, whether Philip II.'s plan, pronounced good by the author, to have the Duke of Parma send an army of invasion from Flanders in flat-bottomed boats across the North Sea, would have been feasible under the circumstances of that day. We hold the Marquis of Santa Cruz to have been justified in whatever opposition he may have made to this plan.

In describing the engagement between the *Kearsarge* and the *Alabama*, the author says that this "possesses not only the interest attaching to single actions at sea, but has an added interest because of the questions of international law connected with it." On page 467 the reader is given to understand that Capt. Winslow endeavored to rake the *Alabama*, but that Semmes perceived and defeated his purpose. If he had consulted the War Records under his charge, he would have found in vol. iii., page 79, the true account of the proposed plan and its result in the report of Capt. Winslow. The fact is, that Winslow's manœuvre was for the purpose mainly and principally of heading off the *Alabama* from securing safety within the three-mile limit; and the attempt to rake was a method adopted to prevent this escape, and force the *Alabama* away from the shore and into following a circular track. On pages 475 and 482 the author seems to accept Semmes's charge that Winslow inadvertently failed to do his utmost to rescue the men of the *Alabama* struggling in the water. This is unjust, and is based upon Semmes's statement alone, which is not repeated or charged by Sinclair. Of the two authorities Sinclair is far the better, for Semmes, in the violence of his prejudices and bitterness of feeling, has made in his book more than one misstatement. There were but two boats left in a serviceable condition on board the *Kearsarge*, and these were promptly utilized for saving the men in the water; the boat of the *Alabama* was also permitted to engage in the same work, and the *Deerhound* was requested by Winslow himself to save life. The presence of the ship amidst the men in the water could have done but little more, and the author is unjust and unwarranted in his statement that "Winslow, in the excitement of the time, and annoyed by the action of the *Deerhound*, committed a grave mistake by not steaming up to the midst of the drowning men."

On page 478 it is stated that the act of paroling the prisoners from the *Alabama* was disapproved by the Secretary of the Navy, but Winslow's full and satisfactory explanation of the matter, which is to be found in full on page 78, vol. iii. of the Naval War Records, is quite ignored. It would be interesting to know upon what authority Prof. Rawson bases his statement that three officers, one after another, appealed to Winslow to fire upon the *Deerhound*. It was fortunate, no matter how deserved, that this was not done. The action of the *Deerhound* has been far-reaching in its consequences. It was a violation of fairness and justice, and discredited the yacht, its owner, and the flag that it bore. This abuse of a humane request has done as much to prevent the extension of the Red Cross work upon the sea as any one thing; and of the various unfriendly acts committed by Englishmen during our civil war this was one of the least justifiable.

When Prof. Rawson comes to discuss the status of the *Alabama* with respect to the laws and usages of nations, his statements are interesting, if not valuable. He says:

"The recognition of belligerency, however, does not involve the recognition of sovereignty. The sovereignty of the Confederate States was never acknowledged by the United States. The *Alabama* was termed a privateer by the foreign press, and that appellation more nearly expressed her status; a privateer being an armed private vessel commissioned by a state to prey upon the commerce of the enemy. Yet the *Alabama* was not a private vessel in the strict sense of the term. She was built by the Confederate Government in an English dockyard, under false pretences, to carry on a war against the Federal authorities, alike against her merchantmen and her men-of-war. From the Confederate point of view she was as much a man-of-war as the *Kearsarge*. On the other hand, from the point of view of international law, her title to be designated a man-of-war was defective; only such vessels as are commissioned by authority of a government and issue from a belligerent port can be so considered. The seal to her misdoing is, however, made final by the fact that her prizes were never taken into port for adjudication; Semmes himself assuming this prerogative. It is apart from this question to state that, owing to the blockade, such adjudication was impossible. Her career was in violation of the customs and usages of war. She therefore forfeited consideration by her acts of a piratical nature."

This, with the following paragraph, which space will not permit us to quote, is neither good international law nor good sense. Built by the order and money of a belligerent Government, accepted by an official agent of that Government, commanded and officered by men holding commissions from that Government as part of the regular naval service, and directed by the belligerent Government to proceed on duty and work legitimate to a belligerent cruiser, the *Alabama* was no more a privateer than a pirate, both and neither of which it seems from the author's conclusions he considers her to be. Nor is the author's conclusion at the end of the narrative well founded that, as a result of the *Alabama's* cruise, the United States announced to the world that, in the conflict with Spain, she would not engage in the practice of privateering. The destruction of merchantmen of the enemy still remained, during that war, a prerogative of our vessels of war when military necessity required it. Military necessity compelled Semmes to destroy his prizes on account of the blockade, as military necessity compelled the French to destroy German prizes in the Franco-German war for other but sufficient reasons.

Space will not allow us to discuss any other of the narratives of this work except that of Manila Bay, which seems sufficiently full of errors to be worthy of note. On page 610, in the early part of this narrative, a reference is made to the five effective vessels of the Spanish fleet at Manila; the number should be given as seven, viz., the *Reina Cristina*, the *Castilla*, the *Don Juan de Austria*, the *Isla de Cuba*, the *Isla de Luzon*, the *Don Antonio de Ulloa*, and the *Marques del Duero*, with a total tonnage of 11,689 tons. Torpedo drills were not gone through with at Mirs Bay by the American squadron. What few ships of the force under command of Dewey carried torpedoes, had to rely upon previous drills at Mirs Bay, which, by the way, the author strangely states as being thirty miles to the southward of Hong Kong. The constant evidence of the author's lack of technical knowledge appears again when he states that the Spaniards acted wisely in fighting at Manila instead of at Subig Bay. The professional opinion of those engaged with Dewey as well as the best Spanish opinion is to the contrary. The battery on Corregidor Island was a water battery of eight-inch muzzle-loading Armstrongs, instead of a battery of eight-inch Krupp guns on the summit, as stated on page 615, and consequently no plunging fire (or any other kind of fire for that matter) was possible from Corregidor into the Boca Grande. There was, however, a battery upon Restinga Point opposite Corregidor, bearing upon the Boca Grande, not mentioned in the story, which supported the fire from the Fraile when the fleet passed by. The diagram and description given of the fight at Cavité are also full of errors, and in some cases the statements border upon the fictitious. The captain of the *Reina Cristina*, according to the narrative, was killed twice in the action of Manila Bay. On page 624 it is stated that, as the *Cristina* turned in retreat, an eight-inch shell killed the Captain and sixty men and set the ship on fire; while on page 632 it is again stated that, at a later period, while superintending the transfer of the crew from the *Cristina*, Capt. Cadarso was killed by a shell. The latter statement is practically correct.

The International Geography. By Seventy Authors. Edited by Hugh Robert Mill, D.Sc., etc. London: George Newnes; New York: Appletons. 1899.

'The International Geography,' edited by Dr. Hugh Robert Mill, one of the most active officers of the Royal Geographical Society of London, can unhesitatingly be given the first place among publications of its

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kind in the English language. This is not saying much, however, as general works on geography of a high order have as yet scarcely fallen to the consideration of the English or American publisher; one might, indeed, truthfully declare that they are all but unknown in the English language. This condition hardly calls for surprise when it is so generally recognized that the study of geography is not a part of the educational discipline of the higher schools of learning, whether college, private seminary, or university. The university graduate, and with him his sponsor, the President of the institution, are satisfied with the elementary knowledge conveyed by text-books heretofore designated "intermediate" geographies, and compiled by authors who, in most cases, lay no claim to being geographers. Hence such statements as were recently contained in one of the most respectable of American works of geographical reference, that Egypt had an area of 13,000 square miles, and that the East Cape of Siberia is situated on the one hundred and ninetieth meridian of east longitude.

Dr. Mill's publication is of a distinctively high order, and it is not a little creditable to the enterprise that the editor should have succeeded in obtaining the collaboration of seventy authors of recognized position, to whom were allotted for description those parts of the earth's surface, whether as political or physical divisions, with which they were assumed to be most intimately acquainted. An inspection of the list of associate authors leads readily to the conclusion that no single volume in recent scientific literature embodies, in original contributions, the labor of so many eminent specialists as this one; and this is perhaps equally true of works published in languages other than English. We enumerate here a few of the authors and the articles for which they are responsible: Rt. Hon. James Bryce (the Transvaal, Orange Free State, Natal), Professor Chaix of Geneva (Switzerland), Sir Martin Conway (the Arctic Record), Professor Kirchhoff (the German Empire), Professor Lapparent (France), Sir Clements Markham, President of the Royal Geographical Society (Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia), Sir John Murray (the Oceans, and the Antarctic Regions), Dr. Nansen (Arctic Regions), Professor Penck of Vienna (Austria), Professor William Morris Davis of Harvard University (North America and the United States), etc. The editor himself is responsible for two physiographical articles and for the treatment of the United Kingdom.

It was not to be expected, in a work of this kind, that all countries would be treated with equal or proportional consideration, or that, despite the best-laid plans, identical methods of treatment would be followed by the different authors. Denmark and Tasmania, for example, are given equal space by the editor, three and a half pages each; a disproportion which perhaps finds justification in the fact that Tasmania is a colony of the British Crown. Less justifiable is the allotment of nearly equal space to Iceland and Greece, and the limitation of treatment of the latter country to a smaller number of pages than is accorded to Southern Rhodesia. The United States is generously disposed of in 63 pages, or a few more than those assigned to the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. The Russian Empire covers 36 pages, and the German Empire 33. In addition to the direct treatment of regions and countries, the work is supplemented by a number of chapters embodying the broad principles of geography, and dealing with such topics as "Mathematical Geography," "Maps and Map Reading," "The Plan of the Earth," "Atmosphere and Climate," "Political and Applied Geography," etc. These are not the least valuable part of the publication.

The *pièce de résistance*, from the point of view of the geomorphologist, is the article on the United States, by Prof. Davis, which is a comprehensive statement of the physical development of the country, and an inquiry into the why and wherefore of certain conditions appertaining to man's location and habitation, dependent upon the measure of possibilities which nature has held out to him. The article is a good exposition of what has latterly come to be called the "new geography," and shares with that assumed new science its strong and its weak points. Geomorphology, whether considered as a chapter of geology or of physical geography, is a fascinating branch of study, but the supposition that it takes the place of, or is one with, geography is fallacious, and can only tend to lower the position of a study which, in its full value, ought to stand uppermost in the curriculum of every system of university teaching. To know how the different features of a land-surface came into being, and how they are being constantly modified under the influences of natural forces, is unquestionably an important and exhilarating form of knowledge; but it is also well to know what these features are. Prof. Davis gives a luminous, if somewhat disjointed treatment of the evolutionary development of the American land-forms, but his picture of these forms is much less satisfactory. The reader will find it difficult to frame an image of the higher Appalachian Mountains, for example, when no statement is made regarding their height, except in such vague references as "their present moderate height" (p. 670), and "Mount Washington, the highest of the White Mountains, and many other monadnocks are in sight from the sea" (p. 717). There is nothing, except inference, to indicate the position of the Mississippi among the great rivers of the globe, and we fail to find anything that properly places before us even remotely the dimensions of the Great Lakes. The treatment of "climate" and "rainfall," given subordinately under the general article "North America," is one almost entirely of causes, and, except in the rather barren information imparted by small sketch-plans, leaves the reader in the dark as to actual existing conditions. In the few lines that are devoted to the vegetation of the region there is nothing that can suggest even the dominant floral characteristics, while a treatment of the fauna has been entirely abandoned. Finally, the geographical relations of the American people are not everywhere successfully set forth; the mode of treatment shows too clearly the effort to correlate the doings of man with simple geographical conditions, and to overlook the most dominant "human" factors in the struggle as well for progress as for existence.

Nevertheless, with the exception of the larger work on the United States by the late Prof. Whitney, which appeared (in greater part) originally as an article in the latest edition of the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' this is, perhaps, the best general treatment of the national domain which has yet been published. It would not derogate from its value, however, but, we believe, would materially add to it, to have a part of its treatment conform to the method followed by Prof. Penck in the construction of his article on Austria-Hungary, and by M. Aïtoff, in his article on the Russian Empire, where the dominant features of the land and people are given their objective prominence with a view to securing a proper perspective.

Great care has been bestowed upon the preparation of the details of the work, and, while a few errors and misspellings can here and there be detected, its general level is remarkably well sustained. The book should find a place in every library, public or private, that contains an atlas or a gazetteer, and it is to be hoped that in future editions the effort will be made to increase its usefulness by adding maps to the text. The small plans and sketches do not serve their purpose, and in no way correspond to the general excellence of the publication.

The Early Married Life of Maria Josepha, Lady Stanley. Edited by J. H. Adeane. Longmans. 1899. 460 pp.

H. R. H. Princess Mary Adelaide, Duchess of Teck. By C. Kinloch Cooke. London: John Murray; New York: Scribners. 2 vols. Pp. 840.

Twelve Notable Good Women. By Rosa N. Carey. E. P. Dutton & Co. Pp. 380.

The first of these books far surpasses the other two in interest. Those who read the 'Girlhood of Maria Josepha Holroyd' need no further introduction to Gibbon's "sprightly Maria." In that work was given a picture of her youth up to her marriage in 1796, and the present volume is made more complete by the inclusion, up to the same date, of the journal of her husband, John Stanley, the first Lord Stanley of Alderley. He was a man who, from sheer lack of ambition, neglected opportunities of great distinction. After the one adventurous moment of his life, when he chartered a ship and went to Iceland—a feat that ranked in his day with Arctic exploration—he was content to drill the Cheshire militia in readiness for the reception of Bonaparte, and, when that excitement failed, to settle down to the sedate life of a country gentleman with more than one estate to manage. To one sentimental experience he was always faithful. On the grand tour he was received at the court of Brunswick, where he fell in love with the ill-fated Caroline; and forty years later, when she died, the disgraced Queen of England, he was overcome with genuine grief, as his journal shows. His comment on his mother's death is characteristic: "All my duties as a son are over. Conscience must determine whether I have done them ill or well, whether I have failed or succeeded in this portion of my trial here on earth." To his somewhat sombre temperament his wife's was a strong contrast. She maintained an entirely unmodern spirit of contentment, and the word introspection was not in her vocabulary. She lived in that period of lost happiness in which Sydney Smith wrote that "there is scarcely a single work, either of reason or imagination, written by women, in general circulation."

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Maria's life was full to the brim. She managed her husband, her eleven children, and the estates with equal skill and good humor, and not even the advent of a second stepmother could shake her well-balanced mind. She found time for much solid reading in the country, and when, on occasion, she flitted to town, her letters are full of entertaining descriptions of the men and women whom she met. Her keen interest in politics and social progress reminds the reader that Lady Carlisle, the leading figure in the Women's Liberal Association, is Maria Holroyd's granddaughter; her daughter-in-law, the late Lady Stanley, was the chief benefactress of Girton College. The Stanleys lived mainly at Alderley; in the Rectory near them was installed Edward Stanley, the future Bishop of Norwich, and at Alderley Rectory was born in 1815 Arthur Stanley, who was to be Dean of Westminster and the most distinguished of all the Stanleys. His mother was that Kitty Leycester of whom Sydney Smith said, "She has a porcelain understanding," a phrase that may have been the source of George Meredith's famous epigram on Clara Middleton, the "dainty rogue in porcelain." Maria Stanley wrote admirable English, as do most intelligent women who have a large correspondence. It is interesting to find educated persons writing "you was," in the days of Waterloo. For the rest, the excellent plates are an attractive feature, and the book is well got up in all respects.

The Life of the Duchess of Teck proves what a bourgeois affair a Hanoverian can make of the profession of a first-class royalty. Princess Mary, niece of George III., and first cousin to Queen Victoria, was part German Frau, part British matron—an excellent combination, to which one does not look for brilliance. Mr. Cooke, who had access to her journals and letters, was perhaps perplexed with his abundance; he has, at any rate, small talent for transmuting his material, and none for the art of arts, the art of selection. Apparently we cannot hope to find entertainment in royal autobiography, and the last fifty years of English court life must wait for another Greville to glorify it. These pages are full of the names of personages of the greatest weight in European politics, but even if the Duchess had been given to analysis or characterization of any sort, we suppose that her criticisms could not have been reproduced. There were no indiscretions possible to Mr. Cooke; for the journals are a colorless record of the most commonplace travels, country-house parties, and London seasons, so much alike that the record of one year of such a life would have sufficed for most readers. The omission of the bare enumeration of meals would have saved us many a page. Above all, would we have cheerfully foregone the back-stairs views of a semi-regal existence, and have contented ourselves with a general statement that the Princess was kind to her dressers and did not keep the carriage waiting. As an illustration we quote the following anecdote out of many from the recollections of Miss Burt, the family dressmaker (we preserve the grammar of the original):

"It was not always that Miss Burt was in favor with her royal mistress; once, when ordering a dress to be trimmed with rows of graduated velvet up to the waist, her dressmaker unwisely replied, 'But, your Royal Highness, I don't think I could get so many widths in that color.' 'Then,' said the Princess, with raised head and an air of command, 'get it made, Burt' " (p. 140).

Princess Mary's disposition was enviably cheerful; we find her "in floods of tears till dressing-time" over the 'Heir of Redclyffe'; and the entry, "In the morning I had the blues till half-past ten," indicates a most superficial acquaintance with melancholy. In spite of her opportunities for observation, the Princess seldom relates an anecdote. Her admiration of Beaconsfield was tempered with the awe and distrust which he inspired alike in royalties and the crowd. One evening, at dinner, during a crisis in foreign affairs, Princess Mary, who was puzzled at the inaction of the Government, turned to him and said, "What are we waiting for, Mr. Disraeli?" The Prime Minister paused for a moment to take up the menu, and, looking at the Princess, gravely replied, "Mutton and potatoes, ma'am." The Duchess of Teck was a most estimable and charitable woman, who on the whole deserved better of her biographer. The book is partially redeemed by charming plates of the royal family and their homes.

Miss Carey's work is a series of twelve short and sentimental studies of women who have devoted themselves to good works; the record is slight and superficial in every case, and is not worth serious consideration.

The Storming of Stony Point on the Hudson, Midnight, July 15, 1779. Its importance in the light of unpublished documents. By Henry P. Johnston, A.M., Professor of History, College of the City of New York. James White & Co. 8vo, pp. 231.

Prof. Johnston has made a very interesting historical study of the famous night attack by "Mad Anthony Wayne," unearthing much original correspondence bearing upon it, especially that of Sir Henry Clinton with his Government, and some creditable letters of George III. himself. These make it clear that the exploit was reckoned a very important one by the British officials, and that it paralyzed them for the rest of the campaign of 1779. Old sketch maps are brought into comparison with reproductions of recent photographs of Stony Point from north as well as south, and of the lighthouse which marks the east front of the British works commanding the river. Verplanck's Point, opposite, is also shown by photography, and portraits are given of the principal officers on the American side. The book thus becomes a good example of attractive local history, treating with desirable fulness the story of the heroic action which has so appropriate a setting in the picturesque gate of the Hudson highlands.

Mr. Johnston's reference to "Mr. Washington" and "Mr. Wayne," as our generals figure in the British documents, reminds us that the assumption that this was intended as a belittling designation is not well founded. Probably in imitation of French usage, which set the fashion in military forms of speech as well as the style in high life, the English were accustomed, through the eighteenth century, to drop the military title when speaking of officers without desiring to emphasize the military rank. This was especially noticeable in correspondence. The French custom was more sweeping than the English, so that examples are everywhere found in official letters. For instance, in the report of Dumas to the French Minister on affairs in Canada in 1756 (Parkman's 'Montcalm and Wolfe,' ii., 425), we find "M. de Beaujeu marcha donc, et, sous ses ordres, M. de Ligneris et moi." So, one of the French officers, speaking of Wolfe, calls him "M. Wolfe" in the campaign of Quebec (*id.* 277). The English usage seems to have been to use the title of civil rank, if there were one, as "Lord Howe," "Sir Henry Clinton," etc., reserving the "Mr." for the case of officers without civil titles. An example occurs in Prof. Johnston's appendix (p. 145), in a letter of Judge William Smith of New York, a prominent Loyalist, who, speaking of the British General Tryon, says, "Washington was importuned by Connecticut to save her from the flames Mr. Tryon was lighting up on her coast." No better authority for the usage of London society could be given than Horace Walpole. In a letter to Sir Horace Mann of November 20, 1757, he is speaking of General Henry Conway, one of the most distinguished figures of the day, both in the army and in social life, who had gone out as a subordinate in the unsuccessful expedition against Rochefort. "You may easily imagine," he says, "that, with all my satisfaction in Mr. Conway's behavior, I am very unhappy about him." Numerous similar references are found in that correspondence. It is interesting to note that in our own country the mistaken notion of the old usage has been so accepted that when General Lee wished to speak slightingly of an opponent on the national side he "mistered" him. The gradual change of custom would be worth tracing. To-day the army usage is to speak of a lieutenant as Mr. So-and-So, but captains and higher officers are spoken of and addressed by their military rank.

The Writing Table of the Twentieth Century. By Schuyler Mathews. With over three hundred illustrations by the author, and the heraldic blazonry of more than five hundred colonial American families. New York: Brentano's. 1900. Sm. 8vo, pp. 178.

The title-page does not fully explain this book. There is, indeed, much about heraldry, as we will show; somewhat about invitations and cards; but the real object of the book appears in the closing pages, which are devoted to a gorgeous, and probably deserved, puff of the paper-mills of the Messrs. Crane at Dalton, Mass.

The first third of the volume is given to a heraldic manual, which is entirely superfluous and not very well done. There have been so many issues of this class of books that originality is impossible. The facts are immutable and well known, and each book is a mere copy of its predecessors, except in regard to examples and illustrations. Mr. Mathews, indeed, claims to have furnished the arms of more than five hundred colonial American families, giving the description rather than the pictures of them. He tries to bolster up this ridiculous list by an argument to the effect that as coats-of-arms are not established or even recognized by law in the United States, any one may assume a coat and have it recognized socially. We have repeatedly exposed this fallacy in our columns, but the simple fact remains that so long as it is profitable to the growing class of designers and engravers to prepare pretty

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decorative shields of arms, they will do so, and will assure their willing dupes that the custom is right.

It is, of course, nothing but sham and delusion. Heraldry is a fact—a survival, or late form, rather, of what was once a vital principle. It cannot be renewed in a country which lacks the root of the custom, except by the authority of the Government. Coats-of-arms are exactly analogous to titles of nobility, and the man who assumes either is an impostor and a snob. When the Duke of Norfolk lands in New York, he will find a hundred Howards, more or less, all sporting the historic cross-crosslets on a bend, and very possibly also using the supporters of his ducal shield. A mild inquiry would fail to show any connection with any known member of the Duke's family, present or past, but the coat-of-arms would be flourished triumphantly. Now it is useless for Mr. Mathews or any other interested party to pretend that these several coats-of-arms are in the same class. The Duke has the arms, as he has his title, his castles and estates, by legal right and the sanction of Government. But in this free country he may find Howards who not only appropriate his coat-armor, but, if they wish, may also claim his titles. In this country there can be but one honest and respectable claim to any form or title of heraldic honors, and that is a compliance with the rules of nations where such honors are established and recognized.

Mr. Mathews professes to give the arms of five hundred colonial families. He offers no evidence to support a single one, and the greater part of the examples are mere assumptions. He might just as well have claimed five thousand, and probably the next writer will improve on him to that extent.

Inorganic Evolution as Studied by Spectrum Analysis. By Sir Norman Lockyer. Macmillan Co. 1900. 8vo, pp. 198.

Some thirty years ago Sir Norman Lockyer discovered that the spectrum derived from incandescent metallic vapors enclosing a sufficiently hotter core of the same vapors differed by additional and enhanced lines from that of the same vapors without the core; whereupon he incontinently espoused the hypothesis that this was due to a dissociation—whether depolymerization or decomposition—of substances in our list of chemical elements; and he has been occupied ever since in defending this hypothesis, one might almost say with every means that God and Nature have put into his hands; at any rate with arguments, good, bad, and indifferent, snatched from every side. He has, of course, been assailed with objections of like promiscuous quality; but we must declare that such of his arguments as were drawn from his own observations were, in so far, fashioned of sterling metal, which is more than can be said of his antagonists, on the whole. If Lockyer's hypothesis should ultimately be disproved, posterity will rate him as a man with a fixed idea; while if, as is more likely, it is ultimately confirmed, he will be extolled as one of the most sagacious of prophets, a confidant of Nature, more than a generation in advance of his times. One cannot imagine Lockyer as otherwise than ardent, vivacious, and brimming with new ideas and new observations. If the physiologists could only expedite their promised prolongation of human life in time to save him for another thirty years' work, it would be an immense satisfaction to the scientific world and to him. We fear, however, that he intends this book to mark a slackening of his activities; and some rest he ought, certainly, to take, for this volume is ominously marked with signs of overwork. It reads as if it had been dictated to a typewriter, without calm preconsideration and without careful correction. Its faults of both kinds are so glaring that we shall simply dismiss them without further remark.

The original hypothesis of dissociation at length gave birth to another in Lockyer's mind, namely, that all the elements of our chemists are derived from one pristine matter, having an atomic weight some hundreds of times less than hydrogen, of which the recognized elements are polymers or compounds of polymers; and that the same matter exists everywhere throughout the stellar system in a few different grades of evolution—that is, of polymerization and combination of polymers—depending upon the temperature to which it is subjected. This is an acceptable working hypothesis, for it accords with our existing general conceptions of nature, and it is favored by a goodly squad of facts. This is Lockyer's Inorganic Evolution. That the relations among the chemical elements are to be explained by some sort of evolutionary process is the only idea we can at present entertain. We ought to begin, then, with trying how the hypothesis of the simplest kind of evolution that could answer the purpose will fit the facts, and adhere to that until it is refuted. Lockyer's seems to be that simplest hypothesis. At present, it is confirmed by but a few facts, over and above those required to suggest and give form to the theory. We cannot expect that it will stand unmodified by future discoveries; but how far or in what respects it will require alteration only time can show.

A History of Eton College. By Lionel Cust. [English Public Schools Series.] London: Duckworth & Co.; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1899.

Mr. Cust has the good sense to feel that "some apology is due for the publication of this book." Sir H. C. Maxwell-Lyte, the Deputy Keeper of the Public Records, and Mr. J. W. Clark, Registrary of the University of Cambridge, have written scholarly histories of the foundation and its buildings; and the volumes which record the diversions and the prowess of Eton schoolboys are already legion. Mr. Cust frankly confesses the reason for his book's existence: "The series of English Public Schools in course of publication by Messrs. Duckworth & Co. could hardly be complete without the inclusion of some account of Eton College; hence the present work."

Considering what Eton is and long has been—the most important of all the schools for the governing class of England—and considering how abundant is the material easily accessible, it would be hard to write an account of it which did not contain a good deal that was of interest. But the present performance is totally devoid of distinction; it shows neither breadth of view nor charm of style, while it is marked by very nearly every fault that the critics of the English Public-School System are on the watch to detect. It is an old observation that head-masters seldom write good English; this series of histories has gone far to prove that the under-masters suffer from the same inability. That Mr. Cust is an Eton master we are not sure, but he certainly sprinkles his pages with infelicities. "In no school are the duties of parents to their children shown to such advantage or disadvantage as they are at Eton" (p. 230). The advisers of Edward VI. "were bigoted in their desire to enforce the Reformed Church upon the country" (p. 27). "Gray stereotyped, so to speak, his literary rank with his famous *Elegy*" (p. 109). These instances will be enough to illustrate what we mean. Snobbishness, again, is the besetting sin of the eulogist of Eton, and Mr. Cust has not succeeded in steering clear of it. He pursues the usual method of blowing a school's trumpet; he recites the names of the distinguished men who have gone forth from its walls. But what lists they are!—the epoch-making statesman and the insignificant placeholder jumbled up together with impartial hand. The page which begins with a Prime Minister will end with a Commissioner of Greenwich Hospital (p. 129). Even now, says Mr. Cust, in these days of civil-service competition, it is satisfactory to find that, "in a public office, no man is so likely to get on well as one who has been an Eton boy." We do not doubt for a moment that there are some excellent masters at Eton, or that Dr. Warre is an exemplary head; but Mr. Cust knows perfectly well that if Eton were blotted out of existence and the families which now send their sons to Eton had to send them to Clifton—a nightmare to make Mr. Cust shudder—no man would be so likely to get on well in a public office as one who had been a Clifton boy.

Like many of the other writers in the series, Mr. Cust speaks of Dr. Arnold with ill-veiled jealousy (pp. 196-7). But among Dr. Arnold's services to the Public Schools of England must be reckoned this—that he widened the range of their intellectual interests. Tutors at the universities still groan over the colossal ignorance of the average Public School man; but it is at any rate possible now for a sixth-form boy to know something of the history and literature of his own country as well as write good prose and verse in the languages of Greece and Rome. Yet this book not infrequently suggests that some improvement is still possible in this respect in the atmosphere of Eton. It might be asking too much to expect Mr. Cust to be acquainted with the way in which bishops were appointed in the later middle ages (p. 14). Even with Mr. Gardiner's history on the shelves, Mr. Cust may have some reason for speaking of the writings of "the ever-memorable John Hales" as "a plunge into schismatic controversy" (p. 84). But for such a statement as the following it is hard to find an excuse in these days of Anglo-American *entente;* and we will leave it without comment:

"*At the Restoration* . . . John Oxenbridge, on being ejected from his fellowship, . . . resumed his missionary efforts in Surinam, Barbadoes, and other places, and eventually found his way to *the new settlement at Boston*, Massachusetts, of which *he became the first pastor*, thus forging a curious link between Eton and the New World" (p. 89).

The Biography of a Grizzly, and 75 Drawings. By Ernest Seton-Thompson. The Century Co. 1900. 8vo, 167 pp.

Biology attempts to record impartially the

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facts of observation, to weigh and measure them. Literature calls in the imagination, as he who gives a feast illuminates the banquet hall, even with shutters barring out the too literal sunbeams. In dealing with our shy relatives of wood and field, the interpreter may portray their lives so that we recognize exactly how we should act and feel were we wild animals, yet mentally as we are; as in the immortal "Jungle Books." There we recognize a perfect harmony of the impossible, and revel in it, disdaining concrete fact. The alternative method would draw aside the veil which obscures our comprehension of the mental processes of animals, and thus attempt to picture sympathetically their hopes, fears, triumphs, joys, and tragedies, as they really are or might be. Success in this line depends upon a rigid restraint of the inevitable anthropomorphism, in terms of which the drama must be stated. The least relaxation into strictly human sentimentality, and the whole will ring false.

In 'Wild Animals I have Known,' the author attained to an almost complete success in this extremely difficult task, and that work is still, so far as we know, unique in its character. The present story, considered in the light of literature and measured by the standard of the former, is less perfect. The illustrations are delightful, and much of the narrative is all that could be asked for; but its conclusion, the suicide of Wahb, is a blemish on the perfection of the rest. Let the author be warned that that way failure lies.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Atherton, Gertrude. Senator North. John Lane. $1.50.
Austin, Alfred. Spring and Autumn in Ireland. Macmillan. $1.
Baker, R. S. Our New Prosperity. Doubleday & McClure Co. $1.25.
Barry, Dr. W. Arden Massiter: A Novel. The Century Co. $1.50.
Bernard, V. F. Les Fautes de Langage, ou le Français comme on le parle. W. R. Jenkins. 50c.
Bligh, W. The Mutiny on Board H. M. S. Bounty. London: Bankside Press; New York: M. S. Mansfield. $1.00.
Bottone, S. R. Wireless Telegraphy and Hertzian Waves. Whittaker & Co. $1.
Bowker, R. R. The Arts of Life. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.
Boswell, J. Life of Samuel Johnson. [Library of English Classics.] Macmillan. 3 vols. $4.50.
Brontë, Anne. The Tenant of Wildfell Hall. [Vol. VI. Haworth Edition.] Harper & Bros. $1.75.
Carpenter, W. B. Popular History of the Church of England. E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50.
Castle, E. Marshfield the Observer. Herbert S. Stone & Co. $1.50.
Channing, E. Short History of the United States. Macmillan. 90c.
Clouston, J. S. The Lunatic at Large. [Town and Country Library.] D. Appleton & Co.
Converse, Florence. The Burden of Christopher. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.
Fiske, J. The Mississippi Valley in the Civil War. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $2.
Le Gallienne, R. Rudyard Kipling: A Criticism. John Lane. $1.25.
Dunbar, Paul Laurence. The Strength of Gideon, and Other Stories. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.25.
Fitch, Sir Joshua. Educational Aims and Methods. Macmillan. $1.25.
Forward, Mrs. R. Miss Pullman. J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Co. 25c.
Fowler, Ellen T. The Farringtons. D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.
Green, Anna K. A Difficult Problem. F. M. Lupton Publishing Co.
Hayes, F. W. A Kent Squire. New York: F. M. Lupton Publishing Co. $1.50.
Helen Keller Souvenir. Washington: Volta Bureau.
Higginson, T. W. Three Outdoor Papers. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 15c.
Hill, Dr. Alex. Introduction to Science. [Temple Primers.] Macmillan. 40c.
Hooper, J. W. Three Score and Ten in Retrospect. Syracuse: C. W. Bardeen. $1.
Hort, Rev. F. J. A. Village Sermons. Macmillan. $1.75.
Ibsen, H. When We Dead Awaken. [Green Tree Library.] Herbert S. Stone & Co. $1.25.
Inchbald, Mrs. Nature and Art. Cassells. 10c.
Jenks, E. A History of Politics. [Temple Primers.] Macmillan. 40c.
Jerome, Jerome K. Three Men on Wheels. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Journalistic German: Selections from Current German Periodicals. Edited by A. Prehn. American Book Co. 50c.
Lankester, E. R. A Treatise on Zoölogy. London: Adam & Charles Black; New York: Macmillan. Part III. $5.25.
Mallock, W. H. Doctrine and Doctrinal Disruption. London: Adam & Charles Black; New York: Macmillan. $3.50.
Moody, W. R. Life of Dwight L. Moody. Fleming H. Revell Co. $2.50.
Morrison, Mary G. The Sea-Farers. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.
Newcomb, C. B. Discovery of a Lost Trail. Boston: Lee & Shepard. $1.50.
Ralph, J. Toward Pretoria. Frederick A. Stokes Co.
Ramsey, M., and Lewis, Anita J. Exercises in Spanish Prose Composition. Henry Holt & Co.
Rea, Hope. Donatello. [Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture Series.] London: George Bell & Sons; New York: Macmillan. $1.75.
Schönbach, Anton E. Gesammelte Aufsätze zur neueren Litteratur in Deutschland, Oesterreich, Amerika. Graz: Leuschner & Lubensky. 6 marks.
Scott, Sir Walter. Complete Poetical Works [Cambridge ed.] Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Sherman, L. A. Tennyson's "The Princess." Henry Holt & Co. 60c.
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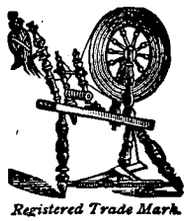

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